The Nation.

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The Week.

In substituting its own bill for the Senate measure for protecting the President and punishing anarchists, the House has been well advised. The terms of the Senate bill are less carefully guarded, from a legal point of view, than those of the House; and the proposal to make even an attempt upon the life of the President punishable with death is one to which American penal laws will probably not long, if ever, give place. As a deterrent it would be, from the nature of the case, valueless. So would be the provisions against the immigration and naturalization of anarchists, which are contained, to nearly the same effect, in both bills. The Senate bill, however, takes the palm for absurdity in the clause providing a bodyguard for the President, consisting of a detail from the regular army. This would be exceedingly distasteful to any conceivable President; most of all, one would say, to Mr. Roosevelt. Certainly, it would take an active and well-mounted bodyguard to attend him. "They'll have fleet steeds that follow," he would say, Lochinvar-like, as he set off for his daily cross-country. The House very properly refused to agree to anything like a Swiss Guard at the White House.

The conclusion of the debate on the Philippine bill in the Senate was darkened by a tale of torture quite as horrible as the acts of Major Waller and the orders of "Hell-Roaring Jake." Just before the vote was to be taken on the bill, Senator Culberson said that he had been trying to secure the passage of a resolution calling for copies of charges preferred by Private Andrew K. Weir of the Fourth Cavalry against Lieut. Arnold and Sergeant Edwards of that regiment, but that action on the resolution had been deferred from day to day, at the instance of Senators Spooner and Lodge, who desired to know first whether a court-martial had been ordered in the case. Mr. Culberson had got tired waiting for other Senators to satisfy their private curiosity, and accordingly had procured for himself a copy of the charges of Private Weir, and also a copy of a report made thereon by Capt. P. W. West of the Fifth Cavalry as Inspector-General of the Department of Northern Luzon. These papers he sent to the Secretary's desk to be read. Before they were read Senator Lodge desired to know how they came into Senator Culberson's possession, but was not enlightened.

Capt. West's report was dated August 27, 1901. The question naturally arises, Where has this report been kept during the past ten months? After the reading had been concluded, Senator Beveridge desired to know where Senator Culberson had obtained it. The latter declined to gratify his curiosity. Then Mr. Beveridge asked the frank question whether these two papers had been obtained, either directly or indirectly, from Gen. Miles. As Senator Culberson made no answer, Beveridge added, "That is all," conveying the idea that the culprit had been discovered at last. And it seems to be the prevailing notion in high quarters that the first thing to be done is to punish the Commanding General of the Army if it shall be found that he divulged these shocking facts. The men who practised these horrible atrocities may or may not be punished; the man or men who concealed the facts will certainly not be punished; but if it can be shown that Gen. Miles either gave out or connived at giving out this damning report, then we may see discipline exercised upon him at all events.

The charges of Private Weir were embraced in a letter dated April 10, 1901, and addressed to the writer's uncle (name not given). It began by saying that the writer thought that the army had been sent to the Philippines to represent law and civilization, and he wanted to know whether the Constitution of the United States and international law did not prohibit torture. He said that he had been an unwilling witness to torture inflicted by an officer on captured insurgents, and that he told this officer that, if he did not stop it, he should report him to higher authority; that the officer replied that he would stop it, for which reason he (Weir) did not report the facts that he had witnessed. But he had learned that the officer had not kept his promise, but "was doing the same or even worse every day." He then proceeded to tell what he had witnessed. A prisoner was captured, from whom the officer (Lieut. Arnold) desired to obtain information. So he told Sergeant Edwards to take the man and get what information he could out of him. Edwards took the man and asked him what he knew. The man replied that he had no information to give. So Edwards caused him to be stripped naked, and laid on his back. Then the "water cure" was administered to him, and while he was undergoing this, he was whipped and beaten unmercifully. He was then stood up and "asked to confess." As he did not do so, he was beaten and clubbed again, and strung up by the thumbs, and, while so held up, was beaten again. As this treatment was ineffective, the man was strung up by the neck. At this point, Private Weir went to Lieut. Arnold and told him what Edwards was doing, and remonstrated against such practices. Arnold became very angry, and threatened him with court-martial for insubordination. He said: "When I give a man to Sergeant Edwards, I want information; I do not know how he gets it, but he gets it any way." He said that "these people," meaning the Filipinos, "should not be treated as human beings." Mr. Weir told of other cases of torture inflicted by Arnold, even worse than the one here described, but these other cases had not been personally witnessed by Weir. The charges against Arnold were inquired into by Capt. West, whose report concluded with the words: "I believe that a thorough investigation into this matter will substantiate the charges made by Private Weir."

The growth of Imperialist opinion on the water cure is practically complete with the testimony of Major Glenn before the court-martial which is trying him on charges of cruelty to the natives. Major Glenn declares that the notorious "water cure," to which he had submitted himself for experimental purposes, is by no means painful, and only slightly uncomfortable. The criticism that it has received is therefore unwarranted. Thus is a torture described in the old histories of the Inquisition reduced to a humane expedient for getting information. To this complexion are its apologists come. There was a time, not a year ago, when the fact that a native torture was being employed by Americans in the Philippines was indignantly denied. Next, in the face of overwhelming evidence, it was admitted that sporadic instances of torture had occurred under circumstances of extreme provocation. So far no one doubted that to undergo this "cure" was an awful experience, and it was only the other day, though the correspondent of a society paper had given some hint of this view, that the innocuous and possibly beneficent effect of having some gallons of water poured into one was fully set forth by Major Glenn. Thus a fact once denied, then grudgingly admitted, is at last explained away. But is it, until we know first how far Major Glenn is correctly reported, and next how crucial was his experiment of the cure? The German spas recognize cures and half-cures. Did Major Glenn's physician hold his pulse so that the water might be administered until the heart was on the point of stopping from the pressure of the distended stomach? Did Major Glenn try dirty water, which in one of the recent trials was recommended as efficacious where clean water had

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failed? These are some of the things one would wish to know before adopting the water cure as a harmless and hygienic recreation. One must hope that Major Glenn has been misreported, for the army at least should be free from the cant of the "benevolent assimilators."

We are in receipt of a pathetic appeal from brothers of the press in Manila. The editors and proprietors of the Manila *Freedom*—so named, we believe, from its policy of making free with all the good things in the Philippines—inform us that they have been arrested by the Philippine Commission for "scurrilous libel and sedition," and that "the liberty of the press in these islands" is endangered. It seems that *Freedom* accused the Commissioners of various rather vague offences, such as appointing Filipino rascals to office instead of Americans down on their luck, of having "press agents" to place Government "advertising patronage" where it would do the most good—not in *Freedom*, we'll be bound—and, in general, undertaking "too much work." Simply for this the arrests followed, and the alarmed editors ask the press of the United States to come to their rescue. For our part, we must decline. These newspaper gentlemen are merely getting a useful experience of what military government is. They were perfectly willing and even anxious to have its severities fall upon 10,000,000 natives, and now they are offered a taste of it themselves. In this we see rather a case of poetic justice than of outrage, and as for "liberty" in the Philippines, it remains just where it was—namely, in the hand of the General commanding.

Before our benevolent assimilators leave off rejoicing over the strength of "Expansionist sentiment" on the Pacific Coast, they should note the language in which that sentiment is locally expressed. The Portland *Oregonian*, for example, frankly said on the eve of the election that the "policy of National Expansion" was simply one of "business sense," with an eye to the "great gain" which was to be had from the "exploitation of the lands of the Pacific." But this is nothing compared with the San Francisco *Argonaut*. That truly Imperialistic newspaper feels that "the talk about benevolent assimilation is insufferable cant," and lays down the true doctrine of Expansion as follows:

> "We do not want the Filipinos. We want the Philippines. The islands are enormously rich. But, unfortunately, they are *infested by Filipinos*. There are many millions of them there, and *it is to be feared that their extinction will be slow*. . . . The development of the islands cannot be successfully done while the Filipinos are there. *Therefore the more of them killed the better*."

We like such frankness, and could wish there were more of it. The *Argonaut* is to be commended for "stripping," as it says, "all hypocritical verbiage from national declarations." It is aware that "certain excellent gentlemen now in Congress" would repudiate its sentiments as "brutal." But its retort is unanswerable: "*We are only saying what they are doing.*"

Custom requires that the Democratic State Convention held midway in a Presidential term shall "reaffirm" the National platform upon which the party had made its campaign two years before. Thus, the Indiana Convention of 1898 declared that "we reaffirm and emphasize the platform adopted by the National Democratic Convention of 1896 at Chicago," and also that "we express our undiminished confidence in William Jennings Bryan, our peerless leader in the National campaign of 1896." The Bryanites at Indianapolis last week therefore had on their side the argument that to "reaffirm" the Kansas City platform of 1900 would be the natural thing, and that a refusal to do so would be interpreted as a rebuke to Bryan. The opponents of Bryan accepted this issue and carried the day, forcing the adoption of a set of resolutions which contain no reference whatever to either the platform or the candidate of the last National Convention. In other words, the party wipes the slate clean and takes a fresh start. The platform adopted is noteworthy for the ingenious device by which the old silver issue is discarded. The Convention at the corresponding time in 1898 declared that "we are in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the existing ratio of 16 to 1, without the aid or consent of any other nation." This year's platform "recognizes as an economic fact the increase of standard money, arising from the vastly increased production of gold from our own and foreign mines, as a demonstration of the truth of the quantitative theory of money," and says not a word about silver.

The plank on the tariff issue is brief, but it packs the whole logic of the situation in this compact statement: "We denounce the Dingley Tariff Law as the breeder of Trusts, and demand that tariff duties shall be levied for the purpose of revenue only, and limited by the needs of the Government, honestly and economically administered." Clear and definite also is the declaration of principles regarding the Philippines. After condemning the policy of the Republican Administration as having "embroiled the republic in an unnecessary war, sacrified the lives of many of its noblest sons, and placed the United States, previously known and applauded throughout the world as the champion of freedom, in the false and unAmerican position of crushing with military force the efforts of our former allies to achieve liberty and self-government," the resolution on this subject proceeds:

> "The Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization; they cannot be subjects without imperilling our form of government; and, as we are not willing to surrender our civilization to convert the republic into an empire, we favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to assist the Filipinos to establish for themselves an independent government, protecting them from outside interference, and securing to this country such commercial and naval rights and advantages as would be just and fully and fairly protect American interests."

Texas has been a stronghold of Bryanism and silverism, and it is therefore significant that the Democratic Congressional convention in the Fifth District of that State was as silent about both as the Democratic convention in Indiana. It seems to have been a representative body, and its platform lays chief stress upon the question of the tariff and Imperialism. "We denounce the Dingley Tariff Law as the breeder of Trusts," it says, "and demand that tariff duties shall be levied for the purposes of revenue only, and limited to the needs of the Government honestly and economically administered." The Philippine policy of the present Administration is denounced, and what is favored in its stead is set forth in the identical phraseology of the Indiana platform above quoted. Finally, these Texas Democrats declare that "we believe that the question of Imperialism and the Trust-breeding tariff should be the paramount issues in the next national campaign."

There is no place where small favors are more gratefully received than at the New York Custom-house, and Secretary Shaw has deserved well of everybody by facilitating the delivery of express parcels and liberalizing the system of making individual payments at the customs. The plan is a very simple one. The express companies keep at the Sub-Treasury a daily deposit large enough to cover all possible duties on the consignments of that day. The Collector simply draws upon this deposit the amount of the duty as soon as it has been properly assessed. The express companies may also act as agents for individuals. Thus it is possible for an incoming tourist to turn over his baggage to an express company immediately after the examination. This saves considerable delay at a time when delay is particularly vexatious, and will undoubtedly be a more satisfactory arrangement than can be made with a Custom-house broker. The saving of time on express packages is expected to be eight or ten days. Secretary Shaw again deserves credit for removing obstacles to traffic which have grown up in the customs service, and especially

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for doing everything in his power to make the first landing of a guest or the return of a native something less than a punishment for foreign birth or absenteeism.

For the first time in its century and a half of existence, Princeton chooses a layman for its President. This marks the final step in that secularization of the American college of which Prof. A. B. Hart writes in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June: "Whatever might be thought on that subject by the President of Bowdoin, or Dartmouth, or Amherst, or Wesleyan, or Chicago, there is no doubt that the layman is now preferred for such appointments; nor that the dominie has ceased to be the typical teacher and guide of academic youth. . . . The community of college graduates, and their associates throughout the country, seem convinced that the educational side of a university is best cared for by the trained educator." Every word of that description might be applied to the President-elect of Princeton University, and it might be added that, besides the catholic sympathies and knowledge of affairs which are implied in the title "educator," he bears a high reputation as a brilliant investigator of problems of politics and government, and holds an honorable position in American letters as a judicious essayist. It is very rarely the case that the candidate for a university presidency can show so complete and convincing a register of qualifications, and it was this obvious fitness of Dr. Woodrow Wilson which made it possible for an old president to step out and for a new one to be appointed the same day—a case unparalleled in recent times—without so much as causing a proper feeling of surprise. President Patton's resignation was also of an unusual kind. Leaving in the full vigor of middle life, with health and popularity unimpaired, he resigns a charge which he has administered with indubitable success, because he feels the call of his old studies, and because he realizes that a man of different training may more advantageously utilize the prosperity which he has done so much to procure.

Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest are repeating with great rapidity the history of the winning of our West. The problem of absorbing the Galicians, Russians, and other refractory races is specifically Canadian, but the remarkable influx of American settlers in these regions must affect both Canada and ourselves. As yet we have no accurate statistics of this agrarian invasion, but some idea of its significance may be gained from the following figures. In the years 1899-1901 the total immigration from America to Canada was, respectively, 11,945, 15,500, and 17,987. By June 1 of the present year the Great Northern Railroad alone had carried 25,000 immigrants into Manitoba. While some of these were taken directly from the incoming steamers, many were either American-born or thoroughly Americanized. This cannot continue without producing its effect upon the relations of the two countries. The United States cannot wholly repudiate her children who have taken up Canadian farms and accepted Canadian citizenship. A constant social interchange and common agricultural interests in the Northwest will more and more reduce the boundary to its definition as an "imaginary line." The palpable "Chinese wall" now absurdly maintained between Canada and this country will never seem quite so absurd as it does where it prevents John Smith of North Dakota from selling surplus produce to or buying it from John Smith, jr., of Manitoba.

The reported combination of several British steamship companies, including the Cunard, Allan, Castle, and Elder-Dempster Lines, has the similitude of truth. The law of self-preservation requires the companies not included in the Morgan combination to take common action, since it would be possible for the combination to coerce them one by one, as it did perhaps coerce the German lines. Naturally, the outside concerns think that they must hang together, unless they would hang separately. The question of most importance to them is whether they can secure railway connections on this side of the water to offset a possible combination of the East and West trunk lines in the United States with the steamship consolidation. If the shipping syndicate should be able to offer a preferential rate from the Western grain fields to English ports which the other steamships could not match, the latter would be at the mercy of the former. Hence we are not surprised to hear that the Cunard Company and its allies are looking to the Canadian Pacific Railway as a resource in the event of an adverse railway combination. The Canadian Pacific could tap the wheat-fields of the Red River valley, and even if it did not itself carry much wheat to the seaboard, it could put a strong curb on the competing American lines. There is talk also of a British Government subsidy to the opposition line; but such a thing is most unlikely. The two combinations, if there are two, must work out their problems for the present without Government interference. Meanwhile a new factor will appear upon the scene before long. The private shipping that has been employed in connection with the Boer war, estimated at two million tons, will presently be released, and will be looking for freights elsewhere. It will find employment partly in the North Atlantic, and its influence in the coming struggle will be not inconsiderable.

The new British Ambassador, the Hon. Michael Herbert, is comparatively unknown beyond the British Foreign Office. So was Lord Pauncefote at the time of his appointment to Washington. One may assume that, like his predecessor, the new Ambassador will be a working, not a talking diplomat, seeking to win confidence rather than the reputation for brilliancy. His training is of the most thoroughgoing, and he comes with the prestige of long service in the most highly organized diplomatic corps of our day. This training produces men of the office rather than men of the platform. In fact, no other diplomatic service than our own could permit itself such a succession of salient personalities as the American representatives at the Court of St. James. Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, Hay, and Choate were free to do an amount of speechmaking that would have infallibly terminated the career of a European diplomat. We believe—where our selections have been carefully made, as for England—it has been a fortunate dispensation that has given us not diplomats, but engaging excursionists in diplomacy; since the expansiveness that our Ministers at London now are required to maintain has generally brought them a sound personal popularity which has been more valuable than the treaties they have negotiated.

The difficulties attending the abolition of sugar bounties in Germany have culminated in a project to make the sugar industry a Government monopoly. There are other state monopolies in the Old World. Tobacco and friction matches, for example, are monopolies in France, and Bismarck tried in vain to create a tobacco monopoly in Germany. These, however, are monopolies for public revenue. They are not assumed by the Government to enable individuals to dispose of a losing business. Such would seem to be the aim of the proposed Government sugar monopoly. The export bounty on German sugar is of two kinds. It consists, in part, of the excess of rebate paid by the Treasury over the internal tax collected on the beet roots, and in part of the cartel, which enables the sugar manufacturers to charge higher prices to buyers for domestic consumption than to exporters. This is made possible by the tariff on sugar of foreign production. The abolition of all bounties on exports has been decreed by the Brussels Convention, to take effect in the autumn of 1903. What to do with the property nursed into life by this hothouse treatment is a puzzle on all hands. Apparently, the owners have conceived the plan of unloading it upon the taxpayers, and very likely they will succeed.

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OVERLOADING THE PRESIDENT.

The ill-advised attempt to induce President Roosevelt to intervene in the coal strike was but the latest of many recent symptoms of an unhappy political tendency: we mean the resort to the President in every time of trouble. Whether the difficulty be industrial or political, regional or national, small or great, we run with it to the White House in childlike confidence, or else in weak dependence. We are coming to think of the Chief Executive as if he combined in himself the attributes of an Oriental King and a mediæval monarch—as if he were a Solomon to decide all our controversies, and a Louis to decree righteous judgment from a "bed of justice."

Congress inclines more and more to call upon the President to cut its Gordian knots for it. Is it a question of wisely choosing the route for an Isthmian canal? Senator Hoar introduces a bill to leave the matter wholly to the President. Do legislators find it a hard task to draw a bill for reciprocity with Cuba in such a way as to cut off the Sugar Trust from all benefit? Senator Spooner would refer it to the President. Let *him* execute a law which it passes the wit of the Senate to frame. Or is the rebate plan to be adopted, and is the objection made that the money voted might not go to deserving Cubans? Put it all in the President's hands, urges Senator Burrows; *he* will see to it that our dole reaches only the right persons. Allah is great, and the President is his prophet!

We consider this increasing willingness limply to lean upon the President as most mistaken and perverse. It is bad for him, and bad for us. It injures his office, while changing it and impairing its true efficiency; and, on the other hand, it cuts the nerve of self-help and initiative among the people, and enables Congress to dodge and shift where it should debate and decide. The Presidency is already overburdened. If the strain of responsibilty which it imposes was so great in Jefferson's day that he cried out at the "splendid misery" of his office, what would he say to the daily besetment and besieging of our later dwellers in the White House? In mercy to our chosen chief we should spare him these added cares. Besides the danger of breaking him down physically, we expose him to the more serious danger of a day so devastated by intruders and a night so spent in consultations that he has no time to think, no leisure to clarify his mind, and form his convictions, in the larger matters of national policy to which his best strength ought to be given. Burke warned us that "they who always labor can have no true judgment"; and our growing habit of invading the White House on every occasion and with all possible forms of business, tends directly to degrade our Presidents to the level of his men who "exhaust their attention, burn out their candles, and are left in the dark."

What alarm this magnifying of the President would have struck to the hearts of the framers of our Constitution, need not be said. They lived in the remembrance and shadow of the time when the people's representatives resolved that "the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." To them, our present-day adulation of the President, and turning over to him of power after power of the state, would have seemed the entering upon a path at the end of which is the figure of a "man on horseback." Frankly, we do not now fear that traditional shape of dread. What we are afraid of is, not a man on horseback, but a man in his private office dictated to by politicians. They, of course, are really aiming to add to their own power, under pretence of exalting the President's. When they induce Congress to "leave it all to the President," they expect, in their secret hearts, that he will, in turn, leave it all to them. Not tyranny, but corruption, is our most threatening foe; and there is no instrument of corruption like a President wielding the vast and abdicated powers of Congress in a way to suit the schemes of party bosses. The practice got a great impetus under Mr. McKinley. That it has been continued with his successor, shows that the party managers have as yet found no reason to be dissatisfied with their plan of usurping power by ostensibly giving it to another.

By this repeated reference of controverted matters to the President, Congress advertises its own humiliation, and writes itself down as either too lazy or too stupid to do its proper work. What are legislators there for but to legislate? It is the President's business simply to execute the laws which they enact. Is it pretended that he is a fountain of supernatural and unfailing wisdom? Would he, for example, in the choice of a canal route, have a particle of information or expert advice not freely at the service of Congress? Everybody knows that he would not. What he would do, if Congress were to put the responsibility upon him, would simply be to turn to those skilled investigators whose report is before both houses. But if that is the right thing for him to do, why do they not do it? Will they confess themselves either shirks or incompetents? Their proposed action speaks ominously of a deepening disinclination for the serious work of legislation, for that forging of laws in the heat of debate and under the hammer of argument, which has been the glorious tradition of Parliament and Congress. Are we grown so weary of the burdens of liberty that we must make haste to shift them to other shoulders?

Nor can we omit to mention the partisan aspect of the matter. To call upon the President as the *deus ex machina* is, just now, a pretty obvious scheme of the Republican leaders in Congress to get their party out of a scrape. It is torn to pieces over Cuba. It is discordant about the Isthmian Canal. So the managers blandly propose to the Democrats to pass along both questions to the Great Father in the White House. But the Democrats ought to fight the plan, tooth and nail. As it stands, it is a partisan manœuvre. It is designed to free the Republican party from an irksome responsibility, and, at the same time, to give it, through a back-door use of the Presidency, the prestige and advantage which it is not able to win by intelligent legislation in Congress. Let the thing be squarely stated. If the Republican party is not able to make the laws which it has promised and undertaken to pass, and for enacting which it has an ample majority in both houses of Congress, let the disgraceful confession be openly made. To hide behind President Roosevelt's coat-tails the party should be ashamed to attempt, and its opponents should die in their tracks before allowing it.

THE HOUSE PHILIPPINE BILL.

The most important action to be taken by Congress during the remainder of the session will be the disposition of the measures for the civil government of the Philippine Islands. The chief point of difference between the House and Senate bills is that the former provides for an actual beginning of Philippine self-government, while the latter merely continues the present régime of conquest and subjugation. A notable impulse was given on Saturday last to the measure proposed by the House by the publication of a dispatch from Acting Governor Wright, saying that the archipelago is now pacified, and that no reasons exist why civil government should not be established in all the provinces except the Moro country. By the phrase civil government he meant municipal as distinguished from military government in the provinces; but if pacification has been secured, the same reasons which point to withdrawal of military rule are potent for the beginning of representative government on a larger scale. The Senate bill provides for nothing but the taking of a census, and the extension of local municipal government "so far and so fast as communities in such civil divisions are capable, fit, and ready for the same."

The authority of Gov. Taft has been given distinctly in favor of the House bill. In an article written by him and published in the *Outlook* of May 31 he says:

"We of the Commission are very earnest and sincere in our hope that at least the provision for the election of the legislative assembly and of the two delegates con-

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tained in the House bill shall be embodied in legislation. We think that the Filipino people would accept this provision as the most indubitable evidence of the desire of the United States that self-government should be given to the people in as large a measure as they are capable of carrying it on."

At the time of writing this article Gov. Taft was aware that certain members of the Senate Committee believed that the organization of a legislative assembly in the Philippines was too radical a step. They believed that men would be chosen as members who would make seditious speeches and stir up fresh strife. Gov. Taft considered this danger wholly imaginary. Even if the Assembly should select Aguinaldo or Mabini or some other insurgent leader to represent it in Washington, he would not consider such action dangerous or undesirable. A representative assembly would give scope for the political aspirations of the people, and would be a great educational school for the better class of Filipinos. Mr. Taft, while differing from President Schurman as to the time when full freedom should be given to the Christian people of the islands, agrees with the latter that the growth of free institutions can be promoted only through their exercise by the people whose destinies we have taken charge of. In short, the two highest authorities we have to guide us in the premises—the first and the second Philippine Commissions—concur in favoring the House bill.

A more important reason for supporting the House bill is the fact that it is in harmony with American principles, or, at all events, not in conflict with them, as the Senate bill certainly is. The latter measure is the same kind of an *impasse* that we have been toiling in from the beginning. It leaves everything undecided. It does not even point the way to anything better than the existing condition. It does not even contain the element of hope. It is a bad education for both Filipinos and Americans. Every day that the present arbitrary government lasts is a bad omen for both sides of the Pacific Ocean. It teaches the lessons of despotism to both the rulers and the ruled, and no one can say to which of the two the injury is the greater. The House bill has the inestimable advantage that it turns our faces once more towards the sun of liberty. This change ought to be most welcome to the Republican party at the present time, when it is about to enter into a campaign rendered doubtful by the exposure of shocking cruelties practised upon a distant people in order to overcome their desire for liberty and independence.

In comparison with the actual beginning of representative government, which the House bill provides for, all other matters are relatively insignificant. Even the proposed establishment of the silver standard in the monetary system of the islands is a secondary consideration. Yet all signs point to a stubborn fight on this question also, and we hope that the House will adhere to its rational plan of assimilating the currency of the islands to that of the United States.

"EDITORIALENE."

This is the name for the editorial writing of commercialized newspapers which is suggested in the striking article in the June *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Newspaper Industry." The writer, who signs himself "Brooke Fisher," is evidently a man who knows at first hand the thing he describes. After tracing the way in which the tyranny of the counting-room has, in too many instances, smothered editorial utterance, he hastens to add:

"Of course there will be the usual quantum of matter that looks like editorials, but on examination it is found to be what might well be patented under the name of editorialene. Editorialene shrewdly selects men of straw to trample upon. It enunciates axiomatic platitudes with a ponderous affectation of wisdom. It 'socks it to the satraps' of a safe distance in the past and a safe geographical remoteness. It also twitters sprightly commonplaces about minor moralities. But you will seek it in vain for direct, courageous, helpful dealing with the burning questions, the political and social and local issues really engrossing the best minds of the community."

We are all painfully familiar with this product of the "business-run press." "Yes," said a college professor, "the editorials of the New York ——— are favorites of mine, since they furnish just what I need—complete mental rest." A witty literary man was asked recently if he was reading the editorial page of another New York paper, setting up to be a model. He said he was not. He had tried to, but found it only a simulacrum of real writing; "and yet," he added thoughtfully, "it has every appearance of being a newspaper, too." It was all "editorialene." We will not multiply illustrations. Anybody in search of them could find an endless store in the treatment of the revelations of the Waller court-martial by the great organs of the American press. First silence, then deprecation, then calling for a suspension of judgment, then terrific arraignment of unnamed "slanderers," then noble tributes to our glorious army—their whole course could have been accurately forecasted by any one familiar with their editorial pages. This power to predict exactly what certain editors will say on given subjects is one of the proofs that their speech is not free. As the *Atlantic* writer says, their writing is of the perfunctory type which any one may foresee, and which a moderately skilled pen could duplicate in advance.

Now this tendency to commercialize the press, which Mr. Fisher depicts in rather sombre colors, is one which has obviously been operative for a long time. Like the parallel commercialization of education and of religion, of which we hear so much, it is largely an incident of our passing from the day of small things to the time of large undertakings. The capital required by a modern daily newspaper is too great to be furnished by one man. Editor and proprietor can no longer, except in rare instances, be united in one personality. A corporation necessarily has control; and, whether it has a soul of its own or not, it is certainly not so anxious to save the souls of others as the editors of an elder day used to be. As primarily a business corporation, its first concern is naturally dividends. Hence has come about inevitably that paralysis of the editorial function, as compared with the money-making function, which the *Atlantic* article describes. It is, in many ways, deplorable, yet it was not wholly preventable.

Is there now any remedy? Is the outlook so dark as Mr. Brooke Fisher represents it? We may put aside at once his preposterous suggestion that the weekly paper will rise in importance as the daily declines in vigor and independence. There is no evidence that the average weekly is any less under orders from the counting-room than is the average daily. In any case, the people will demand the news twice a day, and this puts the weekly hopelessly out of the running as a competitor. With the news in their hands, readers will not wait a week to get an editorial opinion on it. Nor can we expect the owners of newspapers to turn philanthropists, as a class, and pocket losses in order to propagate ideas. Exceptional proprietors have done this, but the newspaper business, as a whole, has to be conducted on business principles; and unless they will justify, in the long run, a fearless and unfettered editorial page, we shall not see it restored.

But it may be hopefully contended that independent and honest editorial writing is more and more coming to seem a good investment for a newspaper. We believe that the counting-room has been far too timid and short-sighted. Colorless newspapers are not good property. In the anxious effort to offend nobody, they disgust everybody. To suppose that the public likes blind flattery and time-serving is to underrate the general intelligence. Happily, there are multiplying instances of newspapers that are highly successful, though entirely independent, and ready at any time to speak their minds freely in the face of party or local prejudice. Their owners have made the fortunate discovery that there is money in courage and ability. It is in the spread of education and of tolerance, and in the power of honest and earnest writing to command respect and appreciation, if not approval, that we see the hope of a press unbribed and unafraid. People will not, in the end, be imposed upon by "editorialene," any more than by repeated newspaper

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"fakes." Abraham Hayward heard a cabman under his windows in 1870 rebuke a newsboy for foisting upon him a fraudulent *Echo:* "If you goes on selling me battles as haven't been fought, I'm d—d if I don't kick you." When newspaper-owners are given to understand that such will be the indignant attitude of the public towards insincere or flabby writing on the editorial page, as well as towards invented news in the other columns, they will encourage more than they do now the free expression of well-considered views, and will agree with Thomas Arnold that the times will bear whatever an honest man has to say.

OUR SUPERIORITY IN MANUFACTURING.

A man of large affairs and clear mind, like Mr. James J. Hill, cannot make a public address, as he did before the Illinois Manufacturers' Association at Chicago last week, without uttering a suggestive word. The most instructive thing he said seems to us his quiet but sure pointing to the true reason for American superiority in manufactures. This can be traced, he affirmed, to our "enormous natural resources." It is not the protective tariff which brought about the tremendous growth of our iron and steel industries, but, primarily, the vast deposits of iron ore in Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and elsewhere. This is in line with what Mr. Carnegie said in London the other day. America must be reckoned with, he told the Englishmen, because she can produce "the cheapest steel." And the reason we can produce it is, in the last analysis, simply that nature has given us the largest and cheapest stores of iron and coal to be found anywhere in the world.

It is well to remind ourselves of this truth, both for reproof and instruction. We hear too much idle boasting on this subject, too many mistaken explanations of our superiority. It is often said, for example, that American machinery is what insures our triumph. But American machinery rapidly finds its way to all countries. It is speedily put at the service of our commercial rivals. There is no export tax on American inventiveness. Indeed, our makers of machinery are among our chief exporters. The dispatches have recently told of the formation of a Pneumatic Tool Company in London, backed by American capital, to introduce the American pneumatic riveter and other labor-saving devices of the kind into British and Continental ship-yards and shops. This process is going on all the time. Mr. Vanderlip has told us of finding the very latest Yankee contrivances in the hands of German workmen. In the nature of the case, it must be so. We are but repaying an old debt. Improved machinery for our cotton-spinning we borrowed from England; now she comes to us to buy or copy the best she can find in our factories. It is clear, therefore, that it is not upon our superiority in labor-saving machines that we can depend for beating the foreigner. We sell him those machines as fast as we invent them.

Much the same may be said about the assumed finer talent for business possessed by Americans. Now no one can surpass us in admiration of the shrewdness and energy and administrative genius of our captains of industry. But it is obvious that, if these are inherently American qualities, they existed in our national character generations ago. Yet a half century since no one was saying that Americans were the best business men in the world. It was to England and France that we then looked for the typical masters of finance, princes of commerce, and kings of industry. If the American as such is so superior to all mankind in the capacity for business, why was he condemned to so long a period of apparent inferiority? The answer is plain. The development of the country's natural resources had not then reached a point to give American ability in that direction free scope. That is, it is what nature has done for us that really opens the way for our commercial conquest of the world.

An alternative explanation is sometimes offered in the assertion that it is our industrial organization, our combinations of capital, that have given us our successes. Some who are willing to admit that the American is not necessarily so superior to all other men in point of sheer mental power, yet point to our system of manufacture by Trusts as the secret of our great commercial expansion. But as to this, two things are to be said. The first is that, if there is any sound and lasting merit in this form of manufacturing organization, we cannot keep it to ourselves any more than we can our newest machinery. Foreigners will be as quick to take over the benefits of the one as of the other. In fact, they are doing it. So we must not think that we have any mysterious and exclusive patent, in the shape of the Trust, to assure our preëminence. The other remark about the Trust is that, if it has industrial advantages, it has also financial vices. This was trenchantly expressed by Mr. Hill when he said that too many Trusts were organized for the purpose of manufacturing, not commodities, but "sheaves of securities."

Here we come upon another reason often advanced for our industrial triumphs—the vast capital now under corporate control. This has undoubtedly been a striking feature of our development during the past half-dozen years. Cheap and abundant capital has been at our command. But what evidence is there, aside from our continued ability to develop the natural products of field and mine, that this will be continued, that we can go on borrowing from all Europe? Capital available has ebbed and flowed before, and it may again. Nothing is more certain than that a bad year or two, with the tumbling down of a few of the topheavy and overcapitalized concerns whose "sheaves of securities" have been unloaded upon a "generous and confiding people"—to use the politician's phrase—will produce a stringency where now we have a plethora. In any case, capital is but the incidental and shifting element in our national prosperity. The solid bases of our manufacturing superiority rest upon the fact that nature has lavishly endowed us with the raw materials which enter into manufacture. That is what we come to in the end: our industrial lead, as has been pointed out by a clear-headed English economist, Mr. Courtney, is due to our advantage in having cheaper coal at the pit's mouth than any other nation, and iron ore in quantity and at a cost beyond the power of any competitor to rival.

If any morals are to be drawn from all this, they are, obviously, (1) that our thanks should be addressed to Providence, and not to a tariff; (2) that any form of squandering our natural resources, or making them needlessly costly, as by artificial prices paid at the behest of either Trusts or labor unions, is a form of national madness; and (3) that all schemes of militarism or paternalism which would impose the burden of heavy and needless taxation upon our powers of production, are a direct playing into the hands of competing nations. They cannot beat us by direct rivalry or by force of arms; but they may vanquish us by the aid of our own follies.

ENGLAND AFTER THE WAR.

Current reports of the formation of an English shipping combination, of sufficient magnitude to rival the huge Ship Trust capitalized under American auspices, occurred rather strikingly in the week of the Transvaal peace announcement. Whether the reported "rival combine" is or is not as large as rumor would have it, and whether it does or does not contemplate keen competition with the Morgan undertaking, the mere fact that such a project is on foot directs attention to an extremely interesting phase of the present situation. The question which the next few years will have to solve is the question how far the recent decline of England's supremacy in foreign trade has resulted from causes permanent in their nature, and how far from the temporary exhaustion due to a costly war. It is needless to point out the great significance, to the world's commercial future, which is involved in this question.

The question cannot be answered yet with absolute confidence, because too

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many varying influences have been at work simultaneously. Political economy has a way of cheating the seeker after principles by confronting him with two or more independent causes for a given result—causes often conflicting in their nature. Nowhere is this confusion greater than in the industrial sequel to a war. We believe it to be the fact that many intelligent people, even in high circles of finance, contend to-day that the recent immense prosperity of the United States, and particularly the overflowing of its capital into foreign markets, was somehow connected with the waging of a successful war. No particular effort is made to demonstrate how the war could have caused the prosperity; whether the prosperity would have come had our harvests failed and our industry not been on a sound basis; whether the Napoleonic and Crimean wars, for instance, had the same results. Precisely such confusing influences as were at work in causing American prosperity after the Spanish war have had a hand in England's industrial reaction during the Transvaal struggle.

Three influences have been operating against England's commercial prestige during the past three years—a prolonged and enormously expensive war; the blockade of the Transvaal gold-mines, from which fully $75,000,000 annually in gold had previously been drawn; and aggressive competition from the United States, whose entry into the contest for neutral trade took place at the moment when England's own energies were being diverted. How far the drain of war expenses—on capital through the heavy loans, and on incomes through the heavy taxes—crippled Great Britain's financial vigor, is something which cannot be exactly measured. The cost of the war, it is estimated in London, has not fallen much short of $1,250,000,000. The strongest nation cannot divert such a sum from ordinary commercial purposes without feeling the strain severely. There is sometimes a partial compensation in the fact that the capital thus raised by a Government is paid out to home producers, for ships, ammunition, food supplies. But a very great part of England's war expenditure—perhaps the greater part—had to be made in other countries. The army was operated in a country which could not feed it; most of the supplies were bought in the United States. And what was spent for war material, at the British iron-mills, was placed at a time when orders for outside trade were at a maximum, and when, therefore, the manufacturer lost a chance in the field of international competition by the very fact of his Government contracts.

The reality of the financial strain has been shown plainly enough in other ways. England could undoubtedly have placed all its loans at home, as it did the $3,000,000,000 loans which were contracted during the Napoleonic wars. But the result, for the $730,000,000 bonds issued since 1899, as for those issued between 1793 and 1815, would probably have been so low a price as to make the cost to the Government exorbitant. This is why $103,000,000 of the consols and the war loan were allotted direct to American subscribers. The very unusual effort to shift the burden, however, shows how heavily it weighed; and, in fact, it has been frankly admitted by English financial critics that the London money market would have been seriously strained, even after the foreign allotments of consols, had not the Paris bankers taken the bulk of the temporary Treasury bills and thus helped to finance the Exchequer.

The embargo on Transvaal gold supplies necessarily added to England's difficulties. Most of the mines from which the $80,000,000 product had previously been taken annually, were owned in England. Barely $12,000,000 gold in all was produced between September, 1899, and the opening of 1902, and this was at least as heavy a loss in the productiveness of British capital as if harvests had failed or mill products become unsalable. It is quite true that English banks have kept good, and even increased, their gold reserves, and that Continental banks, except that of Russia, have simultaneously increased their own, despite the Transvaal blockade. But with England handicapped in foreign trade, even this process must have been costly as compared with the former imports direct from Johannesburg.

In short, it is plain that the war itself is responsible for a good part of England's recent seeming sluggishness in the race of international competition. The next question to find solution, therefore, is, What figure will England cut in the same race during the next few years? The strain on English capital is already relaxing. Probably there will be no more loans; the proceeds of the $160,000,000 April issue ought to cover not only the cost of bringing home the troops, but the $15,000,000 grant for rehabilitation of the farms. The output of Transvaal gold has already doubled since December. It is likely to double itself again in the next few months, and England's gold imports from South Africa, which have already risen from $629,000 in May, 1901, to $3,437,000 last month, may increase, later on, to the monthly $8,500,000 of a few years ago. It cannot, therefore, be very long before Great Britain enters the world's markets again without so serious a handicap. We shall then know exactly how much truth there has been in the lately familiar assertion that her methods are antiquated and no longer fitted to lead in the struggle for neutral trade. That Great Britain will regain her old position of unchallenged supremacy is not probable, with Germany and America in their present position. But neither of these two competitors is likely henceforward to enjoy immunity from British competition.

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIPS AT OXFORD.

It has been advocated by some writers, *e. g.*, by Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, in the May *Fortnightly Review*, and by Mr. John Corbin in the preface to his 'An American at Oxford,' that the Rhodes scholars should be selected from men who have already graduated at American universities. If this course is followed, one thing is certain—they will become a separate colony. This will come to pass on account, not so much of their nationality as of their age. It is true that there have been cases in which, owing to exceptional personal qualities, a freshman of comparatively mature years has made himself quite at home with his juniors; but as a rule a discrepancy of this kind is a serious hindrance to complete freedom of social intercourse. Moreover, the actual terms of the bequest itself appear to make the election of graduate scholars quite inconsistent with the intention of the testator. The choice is to be determined, in part, by a report from "the headmaster of the candidate's school"; the successful candidate is "to commence residence as an undergraduate"—not as a research student—at some college; and special stress is laid upon the advantages of the residential system of Oxford, for the reason that, without it, students "are, at the most critical period of their lives, left without any supervision." The third consideration is regarded as of so great importance that the lack of such a system at Edinburgh is the sole reason which induced Mr. Rhodes to refrain, evidently with great reluctance, from establishing scholarships at that university. It is therefore likely that the trustees will find themselves compelled, both by the letter and by the spirit of the will, to impose a limitation of age, as is done by the Oxford Colleges themselves in the case of their own scholarships, which are usually open to the competition of candidates under nineteen years of age only. Prof. H. Morse Stephens has suggested, in the June *World's Work*, that to such a limitation should be added the condition of celibacy also, but one may reasonably hope that the social pace in this country has not yet become so rapid that the first requirement would not make the second unnecessary.

In order, therefore, to realize the situation that is about to be created, we must imagine a group of American youths who have just passed through the high school—the flower of the secondary education of Nevada and Arkansas as well as of Massachusetts and

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New York—exploring the High Street and the Cornmarket, and "prospecting" for academic quarters. At this point some of them will encounter a difficulty which was hinted at by Prof. T. Case in the May *National Review*, but which our press, with its usual optimism on educational affairs, has either entirely ignored or mentioned only to dismiss it as unworthy of serious consideration. The difficulty in question is the fact that, no matter where he applies for admission, the Rhodes scholar will find himself confronted by a college entrance examination—an examination quite different from the university test known as "Responsions" or "Smalls."

In the June *Review of Reviews* Prof. F. H. Stoddard says that he "will no doubt be assigned to a college, rather than be allowed to choose one," as Mr. Rhodes's will expresses the desire that the American students shall be distributed among the various colleges. Professor Stoddard adds that all the colleges, "educationally considered, are equal." In each particular he is seriously mistaken. Each college retains absolutely in its own hands the right of deciding who shall be admitted to its membership. No university authority can overrule its decision in this respect, and it would be interesting to watch the face of a "head of a house" if it were suggested to him that the "society" of the college should delegate its power of the keys to some outsider, whether English or American. The Oxford colleges are very jealous of their privileges, and are quite unlikely to give way in the least degree on so important a question as the conditions of entrance. Then, it is not the case that all the colleges, "educationally considered, are equal," except in the sense that undergraduates of all the colleges are on the same footing as regards the degree examinations. Certain colleges—for instance, Balliol, New, and Corpus—admit no freshmen except those who intend to read for honors, and accordingly impose a much severer entrance test than those colleges which do not object to receive passmen also. That there is a real difference between the standards of various colleges is illustrated in the case of Mr. Rhodes himself, who was rejected by another college before he was admitted at Oriel.

Many of the Rhodes scholars will naturally wish to join one of the colleges which possess the greatest educational reputation. They will probably be surprised at the difficulty of the initial test in such cases. Even the colleges most hospitable to mediocrity require from freshmen a knowledge of Latin and Greek which, however elementary it may appear to boys coming from the higher forms of the English "public schools," will be regarded with greater respect by candidates fresh from the high-school curriculum of some sections of this country. It will not be surprising, then, if some of the Rhodes scholars knock at the doors of several colleges before they find an entrance at any, and if others are rejected wherever they apply. Such failures are the more likely to occur owing to the remarkable fancy qualifications prescribed for his scholarships by Mr. Rhodes.

It has been said that every Rhodes scholar will be at liberty to choose for himself whether he shall read for a pass or an honors degree. This is, no doubt, literally true, yet most American students, whatever their intention on entering, will soon find themselves strongly influenced in the direction of an honors course. They will discover that not only in Oxford but in England outside Oxford, great importance is attached to the class in which a man graduates. They will also find themselves regarded as picked representatives of the educational products of the United States, by whose success or failure in "the schools" the quality of American education will be popularly gauged. The desire to reflect credit upon one's own State will be another incentive. It is true that prowess on the river or in the football field also counts highly for personal distinction, but such success is not at all inconsistent with a good showing in examinations, and is therefore not regarded as absolving an able man from the obligation of gaining a first or second. The decision to read for honors means in every case a concentration of study. Each candidate is confined to one range of subjects: he makes his choice between classics, mathematics, modern history, etc., and by that choice he must abide. Even with such limitations, the curriculum makes severe demands upon the diligence of well-equipped undergraduates, in vacation as well as in term-time.

Considerable anxiety has been expressed, especially by writers somewhat tinged by Anglophobia, as to the possible corruption of the democratic simplicity of the Rhodes scholars by the "glamour of ancient traditions and monarchical institutions." As a matter of fact, there is less snobbery in the life of present-day undergraduate Oxford than in any section of American society. There is less "tuft-hunting" in Oxford than in New York. It is possible, however, that some of the Rhodes scholars may prefer to remain in England rather than to return to their own country. Those, for example, who intend to enter the teaching profession will in some cases find better opportunities open to them there than here. It has escaped general attention that several years ago one of the Australian colonies established a scholarship, tenable in England, open to the competition of graduates from the local university. After a fair trial the scholarship was discontinued, as it was found that in operation it was really a fund for preparing clever natives of the colony for a career in England. As an evidence of the denationalizing effect of an English university education upon youths of foreign birth and parentage, one might quote the conspicuous instance of Lord Milner, son of Dr. Karl Milner, professor at the University of Tübingen. On the other hand, there are the equally conspicuous instances of W. H. Waddington, who was a high classic at Cambridge and rowed in the inter-university boat race, but afterwards became Prime Minister of France, and of Mr. Smuts, also a Cambridge graduate in the highest honors and recently a leader of a Boer commando. Perhaps the degree to which life in his own State will appear attractive to the Rhodes scholar when he has taken his Oxford degree, will depend very largely on the tone of local public opinion as to whether he is to be praised or blamed for having gone abroad for his education.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1902.

You hear it said on all sides this year that the two Salons are deplorably dull. French critics, weary of their task, dealers in search of a novelty to draw custom, chance visitors looking less for art than for sensation, artists eager for new creeds and new pronouncements, all will tell you the same thing: there is nothing in the old Salon; in the new the level is lower than it has ever been. But then the old Salon always has been dull since the second Society came into existence, and this year I found it pleasanter in some respects, probably because less crowded. The new Salon, I admit, has been more stimulating and amusing and sensational, but the mistake is to expect its exhibitions always to equal the first when every effort had to be made to justify the secession from the Artistes Français, and exhibitors borrowed liberally from their work during many years past.

As you enter the new Salon through the little garden facing the Avenue d'Antin, your eyes fall at once upon three strange nude figures raised on a high wooden platform. These are the symbolic forms—"Les Ombres"—by M. Rodin that are to crown his Gate of Hell, and that the French, who have a genius for ordering these matters as they should be, have placed in their relative positions at the height at which they will eventually be seen. Fierce emotion, expressed and fixed for ever by the sculptor's art, is your first impression as you look at the bowed heads and almost distorted limbs; and it is not until afterwards that you begin to question their monumental, their sculpturesque value; that you feel, as in the "Bourgeois" of Calais, their want of harmonious balance, of noble outline, of just those qualities which distinguish the work of the Greek sculptors who are to M. Rodin, as he has just been assuring a reporter in London, the great masters of all time. This year, whatever M. Rodin might choose to exhibit would attract the attention even of a public hitherto indifferent, so extraordinary have been the demonstrations in his honor in London—the horses unharnessed,

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and his carriage, with Mr. Sargent on the box, dragged triumphantly through the streets by the Slade students. But for those who care, the three "brooding giants," as they have been described, need no such sensational advertisement, and the exhibition that contains them cannot be wholly commonplace.

When you have entered the building and mounted the stairs, in the first gallery you find yourself standing before a huge decorative panel, where beautiful women and satyrs are at play in a fair garden with its presiding deity overlooking them from a tall white pedestal, while more Arcadians come to join in their revels, rowed across the blue lake from a town lying like a white dream at the foot of the far hills, under a cloudless summer sky. This is M. Besnard's "Île Heureuse"; and though I have seen many pictures by him that I thought more splendid in color, more daring in experiment, more stately in composition, still, as a work not without charm by a painter of deservedly great reputation, this cannot be passed over in silence, nor can the exhibition in which it is hung be called dull without reservation.

The truth is, in almost every gallery is something that gives one, if not pleasure, at least reason for thought. Take the big characteristic Salon machines. None may be very remarkable. M. Gervex has painted the "Banquet of the Mayors" in 1900, and has made what was wanted, a record, more accurate and interesting than any photograph could be, of the principal personages who assisted at the function. M. Rixens has given a similar version of the formal tribute paid to Pasteur, more than photographic in its accuracy, less than artistic in its accomplishment. M. Dubufe has produced an enormous symbolic group, with Gounod—an excellent portrait, I believe—surrounded by musical angels in the correct symbolic poses. Still better are M. Detaille's two huge decorations for the Hôtel de Ville, in the old Salon, with incidents of the Revolution and First Empire for subjects, astonishingly vigorous and vital in their straightforward statement of historical facts. And best of all, from a decorative standpoint, is M. Aman-Jean's panel—and for this you must retire to the new Salon—a prim, formal garden; in the foreground a few languid ladies, in languid-hued draperies, languidly posed, playing with a peacock, very charming in sentiment and very graceful in design, but I cannot help wondering how its languor and pale tones, the color already faded in its first freshness, will stand the practical test of decoration. Even M. Aman-Jean has often been seen to greater advantage. If, however, more powerful and more beautiful work of the kind has been shown in previous exhibitions, these ambitious exercises are the proof that every year brings with it, of the workmanlike training, the complete technical knowledge and ability demanded as a matter of course of the French artist. He knows his trade, and this alone is a virtue, after the parade of amateurishness and incompetence in the English Academy.

When it comes to the portraits, there is much not only vigorous but original. Mr. Whistler, who had nothing last year, sends a group of five pictures. An exquisite little nude, "Phryné la Superbe," I have already described, I think, at the time it was exhibited in London at the International, where the two other smaller paintings, a shop and a marine, were also hung. But the portrait of Mrs. Vanderbilt, "ivoire et or," has never been shown anywhere before, and very beautiful it is; the canvas is oval in shape, the figure is seen in less than half-length, and is painted with a restraint and dignity that would be its passport into the Louvre. Nothing could be simpler. Over the shoulders, a dark wrap is thrown, its soft white ruffles of lace opening at the neck and making a high collar from which the head rises with infinite grace and distinction. But how well the figure fills the space, what character there is in the face; and how beautiful the surface Mr. Whistler gives, how entirely he succeeds in following his own counsel and concealing the means by which he has made it the perfect work of art it is! Below is the picture of a child in a red cap, "grenat et or," "Le Petit Cardinal," a flower-like little face, as lovely as the scheme of color of which it is the motive. There is nothing by M. Boldini, unfortunately, and Mr. Alexander also is unrepresented. But Mr. Sargent has that amazing portrait of two sisters which was at the Academy last year, and which seems as brilliantly clever, as daring, in Paris as it did in London.

In the power of realizing character and fearlessness in expressing it, M. Lucien Simon is not to be outdone by Mr. Sargent. He has two large groups this year. One, of a family party lingering over their coffee after dinner, with, for background, a window opening on a tranquil twilight landscape, is not so interesting, probably because the people themselves did not give him the same chance. But the second is not a bit less striking than Mr. Sargent's. Two Little Sisters of the Poor and an old lady they are visiting on their daily rounds have been his sitters, and it is easy to see the pleasure he has found in portraying and insisting upon the contrast between the two faces of the nuns—between the shrewdness, the benevolence, the humorous self-confidence of the older sister, and the shyness, the painful self-consciousness, the shame almost of the younger; between the old shrivelled flesh, lined and wrinkled, and the fresh young flesh, smooth and blood-warmed, the rich red line of the mouth telling so well in its sombre setting of black and white. But M. Simon has little sense of style. His work is brutal in its realism. He presents the facts before him as he finds them, and there his responsibility in the matter ends. It is a pity, for if his pictorial feeling equalled his powers of observation and technical proficiency, he might do wonderful things.

In point of size and enterprise M. Carolus-Duran's big family group, "En Famille," is, without question, the most important of the portraits. On a colossal stretch of canvas he has painted himself, his wife, his children, his grandchildren, even the beribboned *bonne* of the youngest, and the dog of the household—seventeen figures in all. The picture has the meretricious air of elegance so unpleasant in most of M. Carolus-Duran's later portraits, and the composition is without unity or dignity; but, on coming from the Royal Academy to the Salon, the very ability of the work and the physical energy it implies seem astounding.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret's portraits of Gérôme, in his palm-leaf embroidered coat, and two ladies in costly gowns draw the crowd, but the determination with which the painter reduces everything—flesh, stuffs, ornaments, backgrounds—to one smooth ivory-like surface is, to me, intensely disagreeable: he appears to flaunt his ultra-refinement of technique in one's face. Better, because more honest and straightforward, is M. Kroyer's open-air study of Björnson, a vigorous piece of realism. M. Blanche, too, is unusually good in his portraits of M. Cottet, the painter, M. Paul Adam, and a youth, as if he found it a relief to be free from the silks and draperies of the ladies of fashion he has so often painted. But M. Gandara once more has two portraits of beautiful gowns, one a filmy black stuff over white, rendered with a marvellous skill that would be delightful did it not reduce the woman inside to a mere lay model. Miss Cecilia Beaux hardly seems to me at her best in her three portraits. And if I mention a pastel, a charming arrangement in white and red, by M. Aman-Jean, a masterly little portrait of the late Cosmo Monkhouse by Mr. McLure Hamilton, and the work of M. Picard, Mr. Lavery, and Mr. Austen Brown, I think I have completed the list. M. Zorn and M. Edelfelt are among the absent.

It is in landscape, however, that painters begin to display the most marked individuality. Sometimes, it must be admitted, the striving after this individuality leads to absurd affectation and mannerism. But it is a good sign that painters are no longer content to make an accurate inventory of nature with Bastien-Lepage, or to record an impression that is less theirs than Monet's. It is true, Monet still has his disciples; the strong work of M. Claus and M. Buysse, the Belgians, and the prismatic effects of M. Eliot, are tributes to his influence, just as the noble landscapes of M. Harpignies and M. Pointelin in the old Salon prove that the romantic tradition is not yet exhausted. But, as a rule, in the new Salon each man seems eager to use his eyes for himself and invent a new formula, though, it may be, in a few years' time when we look back, there will be found more of unity in their aims and accomplishments than we are now conscious of. M. Ménard sees a world all pale gold and green, with tender distances and silent waters, and great white clouds piling themselves up on a luminous sky. In such a landscape this year he has set the long, low walls and towers of Aigues-Mortes, and few things in the Salon have quite the same solemn sentiment and beauty, the same magic of light and atmosphere. M. Le Sidaner takes any commonplace subject which happens to present itself—for instance, the garden of a little suburban villa, where the table has been spread for dinner, and a lamp lit before all the afterglow has faded from the heavens—and, by sheer truth of tone and light, produces a harmony that has a very intimate, personal charm. M. Cottet paints the sad litle gray Breton village on the barren shore by the sea in the cold winter light, with a dignity and pathos that make me wish he had cut down his big canvas and left out the heavy black-robed figures of the peasant women on their way to mass in the village church. Mr. Morrice, whether in a Venetian café at evening with the Salute in

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sight, or on the shores of the northern sea, always sees his subject in decorative lines and masses and delicate color arrangements. But it is impossible to name all the painters of good landscape. Lhermitte, Billotte, Lagarde, Lebourg, Thaulow, and as many more, all have pictures of more or less note. Then there are M. Raffaëlli's characteristic streets. And I was interested to see a series of five canvases by Mr. Childe Hassam—the Quai Voltaire in Paris, the Spanish Steps in Rome, flowers, fruit—though I do not think they have quite the personal quality of much of his work; it is almost as if he had felt the necessity of suggesting French masters out of deference to the Salon.

I should not give an adequate idea of the exhibition, perhaps, if I did not at least refer to some of the other paintings which I have not space to describe—the six studies of the same face, each differing in expression, but all alike mist-enveloped, by M. Carrière; the enigmatic figure in armor by Mr. Humphreys-Johnston; the Venetian impressions by Mr. Vail; the carefully studied little interiors by Mr. Walter Gay; the rather monotonous seas by Mr. Harrison; the peasant bride and groom by Mr. Melchers; the brilliant effects of light in a ball-room by Mr. La Touche; the still-life studies by M. Zakarian, who has had the temerity to borrow the exact subject and arrangement of one of the Chardins in the Louvre. Nor is the element of sensation altogether missing. M. Veber, with his dwarfs and grotesques and spirit of "La Machine," is beginning to take the place in public favor of M. Béraud, who stays away altogether. M. Louis Legrand, too accomplished an artist to need such aids, seeks to "épater le bourgeois" by his bold use of the palette knife and the way he appears to be trying to model in relief with his paint. M. Flandrin, M. Milcendeau, M. Charles Guérin, and two or three others do what they can to revive the old fashion of eccentricity. But, on the whole, sensation is but feeble and faint-hearted. I might also point out that the more distinguished German painters, like Von Uhde and Liebermann, do not contribute.

The prints do not fall away from their high level of excellence and originality, though there is not, as in some previous years, any very new departure or movement or experiment calling for special notice. In the old Salon there are lithographs by M. Dillon (but where is M. Willette?), etchings by Mr. Pennell, a wood-engraving by Mr. Wolf; in the new Salon the wood blocks and etchings of M. Lepère, M. Florian, M. Renouard, M. Legrand, among others; the lithographs of M. Lunois, M. Rivière, M. Veber, and a long series of the various kinds of engraving by men who are masters of these different arts. But it is curious how little attention is given to original drawings for illustration. With few exceptions, most of the black-and-white drawings are simply sketches and notes for the artist's own use.

As usual, the average is nowhere higher than in the sculpture courts. Again, as often before, one sees on every side work of the technical distinction that never fails the French, and that made the decoration of the Exhibition buildings of 1900 possible. And it is because of this average that it becomes so difficult to write of the sculpture in such limited space. All that can be done is to call attention to a few of the more important contributions. I have already spoken of the work of M. Rodin, who towers over everybody, and whose influence reveals itself everywhere in subjects chosen and methods of treatment. He has also a bust of Victor Hugo in the new Salon, where a fragment of a tomb by M. Bartholomé, and two busts of laborers by M. Meunier, whose influence is as marked as M. Rodin's, are among the most notable things. In the old Salon, M. Frémiet's "Duguesclin" is full of go and vigor, and the sculptor has not been afraid to give a certain homely character, curiously convincing, to his hero, though M. Frémiet never designs an equestrian statue that one does not at once compare it, to its disadvantage, with the Jeanne d'Arc in the Place des Pyramides. Mr. MacMonnies's "General Slocum" is a fine, spirited performance, but Mr. MacMonnies is so accomplished that the action of horse and officer becomes almost too spirited in its truth—will not both, you cannot help asking, at the next step plunge into space? M. Hamar is showing the base of the Rochambeau monument in Washington; seen without the figure on the top, it seems too restless, while spreadeagleism, in its most rampant mood, is expressed by the allegorical bird.

More and more space is being given to the decorative work included under the general classification of *objets d'art*. The furniture, as a rule, repeats the exaggerations to which the grandiloquent name of "L'Art Nouveau" has been given. But many of the smaller articles, especially among the goldsmiths' exhibits, are of genuine beauty, while the French craftsman has always the proper respect for his medium: he does not, like the English craftsman, take rough peasant's work as a model. It is interesting, too, to find many artists, already distinguished as painters, sculptors, and draughtsmen, appearing as decorators. A scheme for a billiard-room, in which M. Chéret, M. Charpentier, and M. Bracquemond have collaborated, is shown; and also a piano painted by M. Besnard and carved by M. Charpentier. N. N.

MEDIÆVAL ART AT THE DÜSSELDORF EXPOSITION.

DÜSSELDORF, May, 1902.

The success of the Rhenish-Westphalian Exposition at Düsseldorf, whose formal opening on the first of May was signalized by the first public speech of the German Crown Prince, is an event of more than local, nay, of more than merely national importance. Planned towards the end of the nineties, at the height of an era of industrial expansion and enterprise, carried through during the financial depression of the last year and a half, it is a striking evidence of the foresight, pluck, resourcefulness, and skill with which German business men and manufacturers have weathered the crisis that is just passing. Limited as it is to the Rhineland and Westphalia, it demonstrates all the more impressively what enormous strides Germany is making in every domain of industrial production. For it is no exaggeration to say that the exhibit made here by two provinces only may well challenge comparison with the total of the German exhibit at the World's Fair of 1893. And there can be no question that, to the industrial world of both Europe and America, this provincial Exposition will impart lessons in a way even more instructive than those taught by the monster exhibits of Chicago and Paris.

It was a happy thought—a thought conceived principally by the Rev. Schnütgen, canon of Cologne, and Prof. Clemen, curator of Rhenish antiquities at Düsseldorf—to connect with this display of modern German industry and art an exhibition of the artistic productions of Rhenish Germany in the Middle Ages, chiefly in the domain of ecclesiastical architecture and sculpture. To be sure, it is a great contrast to step from the enormous halls of the Krupp iron works or the Westphalian mining companies, with their gigantic machinery and their ceaseless hubbub, into the quiet rooms where statues of saints and the portals of cathedrals proclaim the ideals of the past. But who would deny that these ideals have lost vitality only with regard to their outward form, that their essence holds good for us as well as our forefathers, and that the restless activity of modern life is more and more tending toward a reshaping and a rehabilitation even of their outward forms? To the antiquarian, the most interesting part of this mediæval collection is likely to be a superb array of church utensils and ornaments, sent hither by the ecclesiastical authorities of both the provinces concerned. Since practically all the great cathedral seats of northwestern Germany—Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Münster, Paderborn, Hildesheim, Osnabrück among them—have showered their treasures upon this Exposition, there is here offered an unequalled opportunity for studying from the originals what mediæval handicraft produced in textile industry, in ivory, wood, intaglio, bronze, silver and gold work. Never before have altar shrines and other reliquaries been brought together in so impressive numbers or in so instructive a selection; never before has the development of their forms from the austere solemnity of the Byzantine manner to the wilfulness of Gothic naturalism been placed before us so systematically or with so much detail.

The most striking feature, however, of this mediæval museum—at least to the layman—is that here, for the first time, has been successfully tried in Germany what the Trocadéro and the South Kensington Museum have already accomplished for France and England: the reproduction, in plaster-casts, of large monumental works of native architecture and sculpture. It is really astonishing how little Germany, which has done so much for the study of the history of the plastic arts of other countries, has thus far done towards bringing the greatness of her own artistic past home to the popular mind. It is undoubtedly legitimate that, as a means of æsthetic culture, the history of °Greek sculpture should occupy a place in the national education superior to that of any other similar study. But that the great mass of German students should be absolutely ignorant of the wonderful creations of German architectural sculpture in the Middle Ages; that the German section of the great collection of plaster-casts in the Royal Museum at Berlin should embrace two small rooms on a floor the main body of which is given over to the rich Egyptian collections; that even

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in the Germanic Museum at Nürnberg the plaster-casts of mediæval monuments should be crowded together in dark passages and cloister-like halls, where a proper inspection and careful study are entirely out of the question—these are facts which prove once more how recent a thing the growth of a strong national consciousness has been in Germany.

In Düsseldorf, for the first time, a mediæval exposition has been attempted that has a truly mediæval setting. There is no place in its halls where the visitor would not feel something of the quiet grandeur of a mediæval church, whether entering through the graceful portal of Our Lady's at Trèves (the same which the Emperor is going to give to the Germanic Museum at Cambridge), or standing under the massive arches of the "Paradise" of Münster cathedral, with its solemnly archaic statues of the apostles, or passing by the splendid choir screen of All Souls' Chapel in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. That there may be dangers in this architectural framework of a museum of national civilization cannot be denied; the temptation involved in it to sacrifice scientific correctness to picturesque arrangement is obvious, and several even of the best-known museums in Europe have fallen victims to this temptation. On the other hand, the connection between architecture and sculpture is so close that a statue deprived of its architectural background in most cases becomes an isolated, lifeless number; and mediæval sculpture in particular is absolutely unintelligible if it is not studied "on the spot," *i. e.*, in its organic relation to its sister-art.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Düsseldorf example will be followed in the two great museums of mediæval art which are now being planned in Berlin and in Munich. As for America, we may congratulate ourselves that the most conspicuous feature of the Emperor's noble gift to the projected Germanic Museum of Harvard University consists in this very combination of monumental sculpture and architecture. It would be a consummation of which America might justly be proud, if the whole of this museum were to be carried out in conformity with this magnificent beginning.

KUNO FRANCKE.

Correspondence.

RABELAIS ON WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In 'Gargantua' (chap. xlvi.), Grandgousier, in reply to Touquedillon, who reveals Picrochole's plans of conquest, says:

"C'est trop entrepris: qui trop embrasse peu estrainct. Le temps n'est plus d'ainsi conquester les royaumes, avec dommages de son prochain frere christian: ceste imitation des anciens Hercules, Alexandres, Hannibals, Scipions, Cesars et autres telz, est contraire à la profession de l'Evangile, par lequel nous est commandé garder, sauver, regir, et administrer chascun ses pays et terres, non hostilement envahir les autres. Et ce que les Sarrasins et barbares jadis appelloient prouesses, maintenant nous appelons briganderies et meschancetés. Mieulx eust il fait soy contenir en sa maison, loyallement la gouvernant, que insulter en la mienne, hostilement la pillant; car par bien la gouverner l'eust augmentée, par me piller sera destruict" (édition Burgaud des Marets et Rathery).

These words of the great French writer of the first half of the sixteenth century are full of interest. If we lay aside all moral considerations, and suppose that a part of the millions sunk in Cuba and the Philippines were spent in making roads, in irrigating the arid lands of the West, in promoting education, in helping the small college, etc., the benefit to our country would be incalculable.

TIMOTHY CLORAN.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENN., June 5, 1902.

EARLY PUPPET-SHOW PICTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the most attractive of the papers presented to Dr. F. J. Furnivall in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday, is M. Jusserand's "Note on Pageants and 'Scaffolds Hye'" ('An English Miscellany,' pp. 185-196). The text, to be sure, contains little that has not long been well known, but it is accompanied by two pictures, reproduced from an early manuscript, representing, in M. Jusserand's opinion, "scaffolds" or "pageants" such as were used in the great cycles of York, Wakefield, Newcastle, Preston, Kendal, Louth, Chester, Coventry, Norwich, and other towns. These at once arrest the attention, not only on account of the notable skill of the artist, but because, as M. Jusserand truly says, no contemporary picture of an English Corpus Christi pageant has yet been discovered. Pictures and plans of similar pageants or stages in France and Germany exist, and are now easily accessible; for the pageants of England we have been obliged to content ourselves with imaginative reconstructions, based upon the detailed account given by Archdeacon Rogers, towards the end of the sixteenth century, and the scattered details found in the expense books of the "companies" or "gilds" concerned in the plays, as printed by Sharp, Fitch, Furnivall Morris, Miss Toulmin-Smith, and others. Most of these accounts date from the sixteenth century; the earliest go back to the beginning of the fifteenth. Pictures of such pageants from a fourteenth-century manuscript would therefore have a double claim upon the attention of all students of the early drama.

Unfortunately, the pictures reproduced by M. Jusserand are not pictures of pageants in a Corpus Christi play. They are, as any one may discover by careful examination, pictures of puppet-booths. In the first one, especially, the traditional figures of Punch and Judy are clearly recognizable. What names they bore then, what acts they performed, or what dialogue delighted the children before the booth, may, to borrow one of Sir Thomas Browne's phrases, "admit of a wide solution." The attitude of Punch and the presence of his club suggest that action and dialogue did not depart essentially from the delightful brutality of present-day performances.

These pictures are, moreover, not so entirely unknown as M. Jusserand supposes. In 1848 Mr. J. O. Westwood published the first picture in the *Archæological Journal*, and accompanied it with a brief discussion in which the true character of the performance is definitely stated and duly commented upon (v., 198 ff.).

In spite of these facts, our indebtedness to M. Jusserand is undiminished. Few, even among scholars, now read the early volumes of *Archæologia* or the *Archæological Journal*; and the history of puppet-shows in the Middle Ages is one of the most interesting and perplexing chapters of an interesting and perplexing subject. Notwithstanding the minor contributions that have been made and the books that have professed to contain an adequate treatment, almost everything remains to be done.

Yours very truly, JOHN M. MANLY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 5, 1902.

WORDSWORTH'S "ODE TO DUTY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, in the *Nation* of June 5, who inquires about an expunged stanza of Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty," will find it in the 'Poems' of 1807, where it appears as the sixth stanza. I myself reprinted it, accidentally, in a collection of verse, 'Through Love to Light,' which I published in 1896. It brought me a number of inquiries, some of them from devout and critical Wordsworthians, to whom I should have thought the 'Poems' of 1807 would have been known. The poem was, I believe, written in 1805, presumably with this stanza as a part of it; and, inferior as it is to the other stanzas, we are undoubtedly indebted to Wordsworth's wiser second thought for its exclusion from editions subsequent to that of 1807.

Yours very truly,

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 5, 1902.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Knight, in his latest edition of Wordsworth (the Eversley edition of 1896), in volume ii., page 71, refers to a "proof copy of the sheets of the edition of 1807, which was cancelled by Wordsworth," in which the entire poem is unlike its later form, particularly in the first four stanzas; and in this proof copy is your correspondent's sixth stanza, which was printed in 1807 only. Fortunately, Wordsworth's "discretion" led him to change this first copy, with the exception of the stanza referred to. Two stanzas only stand as originally written, though the change in the seventh is very slight. Professor Knight does not use this cancelled stanza in his text. He gives the entire proof-copy version in a note.

Professor Dowden was not unaware of this stanza, which surely is unworthy of being recalled, for he wrote me about this earlier draft in 1890, soon after it was discovered by Mr. J. R. Tutin of Hull. The printed sheet which gives this earlier version of the entire poem was found in a copy of the poems of 1807. Mr. Tutin had the sheet printed with the following heading, "Cancelled Version of Wordsworth's Ode to Duty." Both Mr. Tutin and Professor Dowden sent me a copy, and I shall be glad to send one to any interested person who may not have access to the Eversley edition of 1896.

I find after writing the above that Mr. Hutchinson, in his edition (Oxford) of Wordsworth's Poems, has given this same sixth stanza in brackets *in the text* of the poem; which undoubtedly accounts for A. T. Quiller-Couch's using the stanza in his 'Oxford Book of English Verse.' This use of the stanza by Mr. Hutchinson is question-

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able, as it certainly mars the poem. Finally, I discover a note without a reference, and therefore easily overlooked, on the "Ode to Duty" at the end of volume iv. of the Dowden edition of the Poems. The cancelled sixth stanza is quoted in it.

Sincerely yours,

CYNTHIA MORGAN ST. JOHN.

ITHACA, N. Y., June 8, 1902.

Notes.

Among the fall announcements of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, are a three-volume edition of hitherto uncollected speeches and writings of Daniel Webster, and Helen Hunt Jackson's 'Glimpses of California and the Missions,' for the first time by itself, and with numerous illustrations by Henry Sandham.

The publication of Mr. W. A. Linn's 'Story of the Mormons' is closely followed by the announcement of 'The Founder of Mormonism,' by I. Woodbridge Riley, for immediate issue by Dodd, Mead & Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have nearly ready a work on 'The English Lake District,' by Mr. Ruskin's biographer, Mr. W. G. Collingwood.

Among Macmillan's reprints which call for no more than passing mention, as having been already considered in these columns, are Walter Crane's 'Line and Form,' and Foster-Milliar's 'Book of the Rose,' in a second edition, thoroughly revised after seven years. Thackeray's 'Henry Esmond,' in two volumes, carries on the Dent edition of this author.

Messrs. Longman offer the eighth edition of Mr. Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief.' It has been somewhat enlarged with explanatory notes, and is provided with a new introduction and argumentative summary.

The Sonnets of Shakspere were, of course, bound to find a place in John Lane's dainty and companionable "Lovers' Library"—the text in green ink, the borders in violet; yet how much more ornamental would have been an index of first lines.

A real service to present-day readers alike and to the memory of a true man is the edition of 'The Serious Poems of Thomas Hood' (London: George Newnes; New York: Scribners), just added to the Caxton Series. Mr. H. Granville Fell's illustrations, or most of them, we could forego, for the thin-paper volume with blue limp covers is pretty enough without them, and the weakest are something of a disfigurement. Here are "One more unfortunate," "We watched her breathing through the night," "I remember, I remember," "Eugene Aram," "The Haunted House," "Hero and Leander," "The Midsummer Fairies," and many more products (not all wholly "serious") of the sad humorist. The punctuation needed more attention than it has received.

In reviewing, four years ago, Mr. W. A. Paton's 'Picturesque Sicily' (Harpers), we pointed out the free use he had made of Gaston Vuillier, and also his own struggles with the Italian language. It seems in keeping with this that his work has now been done into Italian, 'Sicilia Pittoresca,' and published, with 48 half-tones, in Milan (Remo Sandron). The compliment to the solider portion of this American work is not undeserved.

'The International Year Book' for 1901 (Dodd, Mead & Co.) maintains the standard of previous volumes. The United States has thirty-one pages, Great Britain fourteen, France, China, and Cuba each ten, Germany eight, the Transvaal seven, the Philippines six, with a cross-reference for military operations. There are twelve maps and some thirty-five illustrations. The sciences receive adequate attention, and the editor's care seems to have been bestowed on every topic that belongs to "the world's progress during the year." Obituary notices are full for Victoria and McKinley, less extensive in the cases of Crispi, Li Hung Chang, and others. Authors (as Mr. Kipling) who had put forth nothing of great importance during 1901 are relegated to the articles on Literature, which for America and England covers nine pages, for France four, for Germany less than two, for Russia one: Gorky, as a notable new arrival, gets an individual notice. Six pages are devoted to education in the United States, and Mr. Carnegie's gifts and Mr. J. P. Morgan's exploits are duly chronicled. The impossibility of being wholly up to date, or down to date, is shown in the case of the Panama Canal, here considered under that of Nicaragua; next year the positions may probably be reversed.

'The History of India for Boys and Girls,' by Sri Hemlota Devi, translated by M. S. Knight (Longmans), can safely be recommended as an elementary history of her country by a Hindu—especially valuable as treating of the native religions from a native standpoint. Two-thirds of this little book are devoted to the pre-European period of government. Maps, plans, and engravings illustrate the text, and the price brings the book within the reach of all. Allowed as a school-book in India, it is necessarily reserved upon many subjects concerning which most Indians feel deeply. In this its English form it will probably be appreciated more by elders desirous of having some elementary knowledge of Indian affairs than by "boys and girls."

J. Vendryes, a pupil of Henry, Havet, and Thurneysen, in a recent work, 'Recherches sur l'Histoire et les Effets de l'Intensité Initiale en Latin' (Paris: Klincksieck), seeks to overturn the now commonly accepted view that the Latin accent was an accent of stress, and to find in it, at least in the classical period, a tonic or melodic accent, a view to which C. W. L. Johnson inclines in an article included in the 'Studies in honor of Professor Gildersleeve.' M. Vendryes admits, however, for the prehistoric period an accent of intensity resting upon the initial syllable, and to the phonetic effects of this accent the main portion of his work is devoted. In some points he is in agreement with Sommer in his 'Handbuch der Lateinischen Laut- und Formenlehre' (1902); in others he differs. The effect of intensity upon quantity, and the subject of syncope and absorption, are treated at length, and with an abundance of illustration. In an appendix a new attempt is made to solve the vexed problem of the Saturnian, bringing in the theory of initial intensity. The work concludes with an "Index des principaux mots latins étudiés." The author challenges criticism at many points, but his exposition is always clear, interesting, and suggestive.

The History of Uganda, in the native language, which has just been printed in England, is a remarkable testimony to the progress made in that country in the past twenty-five years, as well as a noteworthy contribution to literature. The author is the Katikiro (Prime Minister) and the representative of his countrymen at the coronation, and his book, so far as our knowledge goes, is the first published history of an African people written by a native in his own tongue. In it he gives some account of their mythology before the teaching of Christianity, and it is curious to note that, as with the Dûsuns of Borneo, so this central African tribe attributes the origin of evil to a woman. When the Creator sent his grandson Kintu and his wife Nambi to the earth to people it, he strictly enjoined him to go early in the morning so that "your brother Death may not see where you go, for if he goes with you he will kill all your children." In obedience to this injunction, "before it was light, he packed up all his things, and set out, and came down to earth; but his wife suddenly remembered that she had left the corn behind which was to feed a fowl she had with her. She said to her husband, 'I have left the corn for the fowl in the porch of the house, I must go back and fetch it.' Her husband Kintu refused, and said, 'You must not go back, for if you do you will meet Death.' But his wife was obstinate," and went back and got the corn. As she was returning to the earth, "Death met her, and said to her, 'Why have you left me, my friends?' So he went with Nambi, the obstinate wife, . . . and when Kintu begat children Death killed them." Our extracts are taken from a translation printed in *Uganda Notes*.

The *Annales de Géographie* for May contains an interesting account, by M. Gaston Bonnier, of his experiments in what he terms a "new chapter of science," geographic botany. One series consisted in cultivating shoots of the same plant or tree near Paris and on the Mediterranean shore, and observing the manner in which each set adapted itself to the different conditions of soil and climate. Another was in taking plants growing in the neighborhood of Paris and subjecting them, through artificial cold and electric light, to Arctic conditions. The results of these experiments convinced him that they constituted a positive argument in favor of the hypothesis that the specific characteristics of the plants of any region have been gradually acquired through adaptation to the climate. An article on the rainfall of northern France, an orographic and geological description of Algeria, and a discussion of the products of Argentina also deserve mention. The extent of the undeveloped resources of this South American country may be gathered from the single fact that if all the land on which wheat could be grown were cultivated, the amount of the crop would be increased twenty-four times. An encouraging report is given of the progress of Madagascar in agriculture and the means of communication.

Mr. Edward Wilson James continues in the first part of volume iv. of his *Lower Norfolk Co. (Va.)*, *Antiquary* his valuable lists of slave-owners—here for Princess Anne County, in 1778. In an interesting footnote it is told of Jacob Hunter, senior, who is

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set down as the master of sixteen human chattels, that he lost twenty-eight negroes in the Revolutionary war—not by being carried off by the British, but by some distemper imported from them by a negro by the name of Frank. Frank was an habitual runaway, and his "treatment consisted in being stripped naked and hoisted to the top of a tall pole, where the wind could blow on him." "Many negroes ran away to the British," and such as were recaptured by the Continental frigates or privateers were sold at auction, subject to the equity of their owners.

In spite of its pronounced character, the face of the late Edwin L. Godkin offered some difficulties for portraiture by pencil or camera. Among the more successful attempts is the "imperial panel" photograph made by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, some years before Mr. Godkin's bodily vigor had been impaired; and now reissued. For a later period there is nothing better than George C. Cox's photograph (South Orange, N. J.). In its own field, G. Kruell's wood-engraving, of masterful technique, has no rival (East Orange, N. J.).

—'The Ruin of Education in Ireland' (London: David Nutt) is a remarkably outspoken treatise by a sincere Catholic (proud of his religion, and respectful regarding its essentials) concerning what he believes to be the ecclesiasticism and undue influence of the Jesuits and the bishops, which are tending to impoverish and mar the intellectual progress of Ireland. It is unfortunate for the views put forward that the author, Frank Hugh O'Donnell, has been such a discontented element in Irish affairs through the last third of a century. Nevertheless, the book must be taken on its merits, and Mr. O'Donnell's exposition of educational tendencies in his native country cannot be lightly set aside and will have its influence. He is especially strong against the clerical monopoly of teaching, and the spending of vast sums by the heads of Irish Catholicism upon unnecessary buildings and gaudy ornamentation, to the neglect of education. He contrasts the comparative liberality of his church upon the Continent and elsewhere with its narrowness in Ireland, and emphasizes the belief of most thoughtful Irish Home Rulers that it is accorded more power over teaching and ordinary affairs of life by a Protestant Government, in its attempt to maintain its position, than it would be by a Home Rule Government.

—Scholarships which are of the nature of prizes given solely on the strength of an open competitive examination are the rule in England and the exception in America. So far as it leads to the absorption of valuable scholarships by those who have means of their own, the English system involves some waste of endowments; on the other hand, the standard of excellence maintained in scholarship examination undoubtedly is higher in proportion as the field is wider from which competitors are drawn. The standard required for English scholarship is high, and this makes every ambitious schoolboy aim at some scholarship, and also centres more attention and consideration upon serious work than athletics are commonly supposed to allow. In scholarships, then, we find a corrective for the too great interest in athletics. Holders of scholarships at English colleges and schools certainly take a position of distinction which, under favorable circumstances, easily amounts to a sort of acknowledged leadership. Nor do those of them enjoying a good income independently of their scholarships at all invariably accept its stipend. Some recent foundations, indeed, provide in set terms that the stipend shall revert to the foundation or go to a second scholar when the scholar-elect does not stand in need of it. Some such provision exists in the case of the recently founded musical scholarship which commemorates Lewis R. Nettleship at Balliol. Nettleship dreamt of music as a power which should unite the jarring sects and septs of mankind by promoting generous human intercourse unaccompanied by the danger of luxury. But these good offices could, he thought, be well performed only when musicans habitually learned things other than music, and this view the late Sir John Stainer also shared. Perhaps both of them were moved to dissent, and thus had their views clarified on this point, by the curious position still made at Oxford for degrees in music. Alone of all Oxford baccalaureates (there are six others), for the B.Mus. no residence at Oxford is required. At all events the most pointed dissent from the notions of musical education underlying these regulations is certainly embodied in the institution of the Nettleship scholarship.

—The Nettleship scholar is required to read for Honors; and varied as are the avenues to the B.A. degree afforded by the eight honor schools at Oxford, not one of them contains any music unless it be found in "Animal Morphology" under "Hearing and the Ear." Our scholar may take his honors in Animal Morphology if he so chooses, although his previous studies would hardly make the choice a prudent one; but otherwise his work for the degree has no direct bearing upon music whatever. Nevertheless, the standard rigidly enforced at Balliol in electing the Nettleship scholar insures his being so exceptionally gifted that he cannot possibly discontinue the serious pursuit of music, in prosecuting which he finds more than competent assistance in the college organist. Thus the college community secures an influence which plays no small part in undergraduate life, where, so far as music goes, the Nettleship scholar is always *primus inter pares*. Organized by the college organist, the concerts of the Balliol College Musical Society, one of the most successful of Jowett's innovations, had already taken a very firm hold before the Nettleship foundation. That these concerts now have so definitely their place in the front rank, and yet not only have retained the intimate character which makes all social doings in a college more like family gatherings than public assemblies, but also keep a more than undiminished hold upon the interest of the undergraduate world, has largely been made possible by the Nettleship foundation. Details from programmes might be quoted to show the important part played by its beneficiaries. Nor is this all. A vista of the further possibilities of usefulness from the Nettleship foundation has been opened up by the frequent participation in these concerts of Mr. Donald Tovey, now a rising pianist and composer, the elected Nettleship scholar when the scholarship was founded in 1894. From time to time Mr. Tovey has also lectured publicly in the College Hall. One of his lectures was on the Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven, viewed as of the nature of a tragedy; a second dealt with concision and diffuseness in musical style; and he has lately entered his caveat against the abuse in current musical criticism of the terms "intellectual" and "emotional."

—The Seventh Annual Report of the British School at Athens (Macmillan) is devoted chiefly to an account of the excavations in 1901 of Dr. Arthur J. Evans on the site of the ancient palace at Knossus in Crete, with a briefer report of the explorations of D. G. Hogarth at Zakro, on the eastern end of the same island. Never before have results of like extent and importance been so promptly and withal so satisfactorily published, with many plans and other illustrations. Mr. Louis Dyer's recent letter on the House of the Double Axe has anticipated any summary of our own of Dr. Evans's revelations. Other British excavations at Præsos have brought to light an inscription in an unknown tongue, but in Greek characters of the fifth century B. C., which may be helpful if the language is the same as that of Dr. Evans's clay tablets. Some seals, and far more impressions of seals, were discovered, of which several bear representations of a man with a bull's head, clearly the Minotaur. Among the finds at Zakro were nearly five hundred nodules of clay bearing impressions of intaglios, and two of these which are reproduced in this Report are of the Minotaur type. Boyd Dawkins discusses the skulls from cave-burials at Zakro, but comes to no final judgment on vexed questions. At the close of the volume is a reunion of two fragments of a Greek inscription, one part being in the British Museum and the other in the British School at Athens, due to the ingenuity of Dr. Wilhelm, who is perhaps the most brilliant of living Greek epigraphists.

—Dr. Evans reports that the Throne Room of the palace at Knossus has been enclosed and roofed-in—"a work rendered urgent by the effect which exposure to the weather was already beginning to produce, both on the throne itself and the seats and parapet." His successors will be grateful to him for this provision, but the question arises at once, What will become in a few years of the excavated ruins which are not quite valuable enough to receive this special care? Apparently they are to be left exposed to the elements, and the next twenty years are likely to damage them more than the last two thousand. Organic objects which have been excluded from the air for a long time are notably wont to crumble on being exposed, and even a casual examination of the Elgin marbles in the British Museum shows that, after the polished surface of the stone has worn away, great scale-like flakes are liable to break off. When the process of disintegration once begins, it goes on with increasing rapidity. Probably the surface of the Parthenon at Athens has suffered more obviously from the action of the elements during the last century than in the preceding thousand years. Many an ancient Greek inscription, too, is far less legible to-day than on its discovery half a century

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ago. Thus the intense vigor of archæologists in excavating the remains of antiquity is in imminent danger of leaving to following generations an imperfect heritage. The importance of making the most accurate and complete publications of discoveries is emphasized when we remember that many of the objects found will not remain long unchanged. In this matter is to be seen a much-needed lesson for Americans. The tombstones of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in New England graveyards are disintegrating now more rapidly than ever before, and many important family records are disappearing. When the reader thinks of the recognized necessity of covering the Egyptian granite of the obelisk in the Central Park with a slip of paraffine, in order to preserve it, he will need no long consideration to see that the marble, slate, and sandstone monuments of our graveyards need similar treatment if they are to be preserved. Many a town has old stones of which the citizens are proud now, but of which the inscriptions will become illegible if care is not soon taken. These stones are for the most part seldom seen, and so are out of mind, but some are near the crowded streets of our cities, and yet are neglected. This generation has obligations to its successors, and it will be blamed if it transmits to them only printed copies of the originals.

—Old Korea, like Britain with England, Wales, and Scotland, was a territory inside of which were three kingdoms. These had a long history of intestine struggle and border wars, with alternating invasions or succor from China or Japan. In the old books they are called Kaokuli, Sinlo (Silla), and Petsi (Pak-je), the first and most warlike being in the north, the second in the southeast, and the third in the west of the peninsula. Silla, cultivating commerce and the arts of civilization, carried on trade even with the Arabs, in whose books the kingdom and its products are described. China made Silla its ally, and in a great invasion, 660 A. D., Chinese armies overran the peninsula, overthrew a dynasty nearly 700 years old, and annexed Pak-je as a province of China. The victory was commemorated by uprearing a great stone ten feet high and seven feet wide, but the next year the son of the deposed Korean King raised the standard of revolt, and tumbled the big token of imperialism and conquest into the river which flowed past his father's capital. Four centuries later, during the great drought (1047-1084), the stone was exposed, and the people drew it to the bank, but did not set it up. Covered with the débris of eight centuries, it lay undisturbed until 1886, when Mr. Tong, then Secretary of the Chinese Legation in Seoul, and now Taotai of Tientsin, journeyed to Pu-yu and had excavations made at the spot indicated. After eighteen feet of earth had been removed, he struck and uncovered the prostrate stone. Clearing off the surface, he first took a careful rubbing, which is reproduced word for word in the *Korea Review* for May, 1902, and made preparations to remove the stone. Unfortunately, that night a terrible storm of wind and rain, which unroofed houses, swept away scores of dwellings, and caused loss of life by the river-flood, roused the superstitious fears of the people. Thinking the spirits were angry, they filled up the pit. In substance, the text, after the usual fulsome compliments to the Chinese Emperor and his Generals, praises the "benevolent assimilation," and declares that the King, Crown Prince, thirteen Ministers, and 700 courtiers were carried to China, while five Chinese Generals or Military Governors were left to administer the seven districts (250 prefectures), which, according to the text, had a population of 6,100,000.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

The Siege of Quebec and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. By A. Doughty, in collaboration with G. W. Parmelee. With plans, portraits, and views. Six volumes. Quebec: Dussault & Proulx. 1901. [1902.]

The six volumes of this work constitute the most extensive and important monograph which has so far been written in Canada on any episode in the country's annals. But the interest of the subject outstrips all bounds that are merely local. Montcalm's defeat and the English occupation of Quebec were great events in the history of the whole continent. In the world struggle between England and France they rank even before the battle of Plassey, and they adorn the last days of a hero with sudden, brilliant, and decisive triumph.

The campaign of 1759 has frequently been described, for the theme is a spirited one and there is no dearth of information. Of recent narratives the most valuable and the most typical are Parkman's in 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' Casgrain's in 'Montcalm et Lévis,' and Kerallain's in 'La Jeunesse de Bougainville.' Parkman may be said to represent the English historian; Casgrain, the French Canadian; and Kerallain, the French. In comparing these three, it must be stated that the differences between the second and third are more pronounced than those between the first and second. Casgrain is a champion of Vaudreuil, Lévis, and the local militia. The strongest sympathies of Kerallain are with Montcalm, Bougainville, and the French of France.

Mr. Doughty, who is the chief author of the present work, has unquestionable advantages over all his predecessors in respect to his material. What others have collected, he can coördinate; but that is by no means all. His quest for new documents in foreign archives has been highly successful, and family papers, both French and English, have been put in his hands by descendants of the leading staff officers. It is obvious that such discoveries as can now be made must relate to details rather than to essentials, but the business of researchers consists in getting at the facts, even where critical issues are not concerned. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Doughty's investigations have led merely to the determination of minutiæ. For example, he shows that the attack which settled the fate of Canada was planned by Wolfe, and not by his brigadiers; but the aim of the study is to settle a number of vexed questions rather than to upset views of the campaign and the battle which are generally accepted. We have spoken of the fresh evidence. It fills three large octavo volumes, and other volumes will be published at a later date in separate instalments. Most of the new data come from England and France, but some striking illustrations of European interest in the war before Quebec have been drawn from the Private Archives of the Czar.

The main clue to the contents of this work has already been given in the statement that the documents, as opposed to the text, occupy three volumes. In other words, the first half of the space is devoted to narrative and the last half to *pièces justificatives*. Of the materials we shall not be able to speak at any length. Of the text, the first volume is devoted to biographies of Wolfe and Montcalm, the second to an account of the siege from its beginning until the first days of September, and the third to a careful and precise narrative of the battle, with its immediate consequences. Regarding the biographies we shall only say that they are genuine lives of the two generals, and not sketches of their time. The life of Montcalm, which has been furnished by the Hon. Thomas Chapais, is the most exhaustive biography of him that has yet been published in English, while Mr. Parmelee's life of Wolfe adds a good deal to the information supplied by Wright. The special value of the work, as an independent study of sources, arises from the quality of the second and third volumes. In commenting upon the text we shall therefore restrict our notice to them.

A number of moot points may be mentioned to show the range of the discussion. Some are antiquarian and some historical. As an instance of the first and least important class, we may recall a debate which has arisen over the exact scene of the battle. Two years ago hue and cry was raised in Canada (and in England, too) by a report that the Ursulines of Quebec were about to sell for building purposes the famous Plains of Abraham. Partly in consequence of the sentiment thus aroused, the Dominion Government bought the property in September, 1901, and made it over to the city of Quebec. Now the land represented by this purchase has nothing to do with the battle, and the Government knew it, though the public were under a wrong impression.

"The deeds of this transfer," says Mr. Doughty, "show that the purchase and preservation of this estate was not made upon the erroneous assumption that it formed part of the historic battlefield, though much of the indignation aroused, both at home and abroad, when it was learned that the land was to be divided up and sold for building lots, was due to the mistaken idea that it was the actual site of the conflict of September 13, 1789."

The originator of the popular mistake was Alfred Hawkins, whose 'Picture of Quebec with Historical Recollections' appeared in 1834. Mr. Doughty goes back to the unequivocal evidence of the early maps and descriptions, thereby correcting an error, equally complete and curious, which has for many years prevailed in Quebec itself.

The historical doubts involved are, however, considerably more important than those presented by topography. Several of them may be stated for illustration. Was the idea of scaling the heights conceived by Wolfe or by his brigadiers? In the disputes between Vaudreuil and Montcalm had the Governor or the General the juster cause? Was Bougainville guilty of heinous and fatal remissness on the night of September 12-13? Did Townshend seek unfairly to vilify Wolfe, and was he justified in signing the Act of Capitulation without first showing it to Monckton? Did Ramezay fall short

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of his duty in surrendering Quebec? These are some of the questions which Mr. Doughty seeks to solve. His analysis of the operations about Beauport is also carefully studied; but the chief interest of his narrative centres around such disputed points as have just been indicated. Let us take up one or two of these, considering particularly Wolfe's relations with his brigadiers.

When Pitt was preparing for the campaign of 1759 in Canada, Wolfe desired a larger armament than could be given him, but as a concession he was allowed much latitude in the choice of his officers. Monckton and Murray, the first and the third of his brigadiers, enjoyed his confidence, and so did other leading officers, like Carleton and Barré. Townshend, on the contrary, was put forward by influence, and cannot be considered a general of Wolfe's own choice. From being second brigadier, he had great prominence in the campaign, and after the Battle of the Plains, where Wolfe was killed and Monckton wounded, he became the acting commander-in-chief. On the French side there was complicated discord. On the English side there was no discord which weakened the efficiency of the service; but a mutual dislike, perhaps distrust, destroyed real cordiality of intercourse between Wolfe and Townshend. As early as July, Wolfe snubbed Townshend sharply for inefficiency, and on September 6, a week before the battle, Townshend wrote to his wife: "Gen. Wolfe's health is but very bad. His generalship, in my poor opinion—is not a whit better; this only between us."

On the last day of July, Wolfe was repulsed with severe loss at Montmorency. On the 22d of August the physical frailty which he shared with Nelson, was increased by fever, and for a week he remained unable to take personal charge of the operations. It was then (August 29) that he asked the advice of his brigadiers regarding future movements. The attack below the city had failed, winter was coming on, and the General's illness rendered the situation critical. The brigadiers were not slow in expressing their opinion when it was thus asked. They advised against making any further attempts in the neighborhood of Beauport and Montmorency, and recommended an attack on the town from the northern side. The particular distance, however, is not named, and Parkman, with many other writers, has by this means been led into error. What the brigadiers had in mind was an attack to be delivered about twelve miles above the town, as may be gathered from their detailed plan of operations which seems to have been published for the first time in 1901 by Col. Townshend. Such a movement, it will be quickly seen, was something very different from the plan that was executed. Wolfe accepted this suggestion at first, and preparations were made accordingly. Then, after reconnoitring for himself, on September 10 he reached a totally different conclusion. Instead of going twelve miles above the town, where he would doubtless have been opposed by Bougainville, he decided upon trying a surprise and *coup de main*.

That Wolfe won his triumph by his own genius, aided by remarkable good fortune, is apparent in three ways—first, from a passage in the 'Journal of an Officer of Fraser's Regiment,' where it is stated that the General reconnoitred the north shore above the town on July 18, in search for landing-places. He then thought the scheme practicable, and Major Dalling found two or three places where troops could be put ashore. Secondly, the arrangements which had been made early in September for going up the river were suddenly changed. Thirdly, Mr. Doughty has procured from the British Museum copies of letters which put Wolfe's responsibility for the enterprise in the clearest light. On the eve of the battle the three brigadiers sent a letter to the General, wherein they stated that they were in need of further information. "As we do not think ourselves sufficiently informed of the several parts which may fall to our share in the execution of the Descent you intend to-morrow, we must beg leave to request from you, as distinct Orders as the nature of the thing will admit of, particularly as to the place or places we are to attack." Wolfe replied in the last letters he ever wrote, the one to Monckton and the other to Townshend. The former communication, which is considerably the longer, contains some specific information about the landing and the arrangements for the advance. It then concludes: "I had the Honor to inform you to-day that it is my duty to attack the French Army. To the best of my knowledge and abilities I have fixed upon that spot where we can act with the most force, and are most likely to succeed. If I am mistaken, I am sorry for it, and must be answerable to his Majesty and the public for the consequences."

Mr. Doughty has outlined impartially, and we should think finally, Wolfe's part in the whole campaign. He has also produced the evidence which settles the most interesting single point in the strategy of the operations before Quebec. For the rest, he defends Bougainville from the charge of negligence which Parkman, among others, brings against him. He is much more friendly towards Montcalm than Casgrain is, and less friendly towards Vaudreuil. He vindicates Townshend from having sought to vilify Wolfe or rob him of his laurels. In the matter of the capitulation he is favorable to the action both of Townshend and of Ramezay. In each case there is cogent documentation, and Mr. Doughty is careful not to outrun his sources. Bougainville's case is perhaps the most notable. Parkman says: "When Bougainville saw Holmes's vessels drift down the stream, he did not tax his weary troops to follow them, thinking that they would return as usual with the flood tide." As a matter of fact, Bougainville was following strict orders which he had received from Vaudreuil and from Montcalm. He had been told to keep touch with Holmes's vessels and prevent a landing at Cap Rouge or higher up. In compliance with instructions he followed Holmes as far up as Pointe-aux-Trembles. He and his superiors were outgeneralled, but he was not guilty of leaving anything to chance.

If there were space, much might be said about the materials which have been collected and employed. As it is, we can hardly do more than state that they will be indispensable to every future historian of the Seven Years' War in America. Through the aid of important personages in three countries, Mr. Doughty has been able to procure copies of papers which must have remained beyond the reach of the ordinary investigator. The effort and expense of bringing together all these documents would also in most cases have acted as a powerful deterrent. Besides additions made to the published correspondence of Wolfe, Townshend, and Bougainville, the cartography of the campaign has been largely supplemented by Mr. Doughty's discoveries. "Realizing the importance of studying every available account written by those who took part in the events narrated, the authors have obtained copies of twenty-three distinct relations of the siege, and seventeen plans of the battle of the Plains of Abraham, seven of which are in manuscript." Besides printing unknown and unpublished documents of great value, Mr. Doughty gives us an elaborate bibliography of the Siege of Quebec, divided into one section of books and pamphlets, and into another of manuscripts.

With the exception of careless proofreading, the mechanical features of these volumes deserve high praise. The first three volumes are profusely illustrated with photogravures by Goupil and Hyatt, and with collotypes of good quality. The printing is excellent—the best, we should think, that has been done in Canada since the celebrated edition of Champlain. Altogether, Mr. Doughty and Mr. Parmelee have good reason to be pleased with the outcome of their long labors.

NOVELS, MOSTLY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. New York: John Lane.

The Kentons. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers.

The 13th District. By Brand Whitlock. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

Drewitt's Dream. By W. L. Alden. D. Appleton & Co.

The Making of a Statesman. By Joel Chandler Harris. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The beauty of Mr. Henry Harland's story, 'The Lady Paramount,' is at once obvious and subtle, altogether satisfying. Any one may enjoy it who has an openness to the happy exhilaration that comes with fine weather, gurgling brooks, singing birds, all the fresh loveliness that accompanies the miracle of spring. The simple love story of Susanna, Countess of Sampaolo, all exquisitely embroidered, charms the senses like music conceived in a spirit of joy, expressed in elaborate harmonies. This, for the average reader, indifferent to the means by which literary effects are wrought. To the informed and critical the book yields more. It is the work of an accomplished artist whose material is a cosmopolitan experience. It is a finished expression, not of the art of representing people and things as they are, but as they might be, might beautifully be. Novelists are not very often born in the ranks of a great aristocracy, nor does their breeding or experience often lead to a successful assumption of intimacy with the exalted. Of the vulgarities and absurdities into which such assumption may betray them, "Ouida" in her heyday was a dreadful example. On the face of things, Mr. Harland seems to inherit Ouida's adoration for an aristocracy *qua* aristocracy, to be under the spell of an Old World glory. His men and women (supremely women) exhale perfection, slow accumulation of centuries of privilege. The physical na-

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ture he delights in is not fresh from the hand of God, but blooms in a loveliness that testifies to man's patience, taste, and skill. He is thrall to ancient faiths and policies, more Catholic than the Pope, more royalist than the King. He is reactionary, mystical, sensuous, and not ashamed or apologetic. Yet in all this he, we think, does but seem. His serious and sincere intention is artistic; therefore, he makes deliberate choice of conditions in which beauty, physical, mental, and moral, may most naturally either have been raised to perfection or degraded to corruption. Let it be said to his credit, both as man and artist, that in 'The Lady Paramount,' at all events, he ignores the possible corruption. Having chosen his characters and *milieu*, he moves under the guidance of the artistic feeling for truth to nature, the artistic sense of measure and proportion. In essentials he holds fast to what is simple, common, permanent in human nature; and for the probable influence of given conditions on the natural man his perception is very clear and sure. Thus we have Susanna, a gay, romantic, generous girl, yet decorous, imperious, and enchanting as good women of great race may well be; Antonio Craford, a common mortal in love, yet making love in a very superior manner, which, if not exactly English, is distinguished; Patapouff, at heart a common cat, with the external graces of a thoroughbred.

Mr. Harland's purely literary qualities reflect his cosmopolitan experience. His grace and vividness smack of France, his sensuousness of Italy, his ironical humor of America. The point of view in social relations and the frank carelessness of speech are English. There is no positive indication of the author's race or nationality. Nothing is certain except that he is an artist choosing to write in English, the free, light, slightly exotic English of Mr. Henry James. Against that are a serious artistic intention, a loving and patient cult of beauty, so absolutely, so hopelessly not English.

As Mr. Howells's well-known theory is that a novel should be a representation, as closely as possible a literal transcript, of pages of real life (for himself. characteristic American life), conformity between his theory and practice is taken as a matter of course. His new novel, 'The Kentons,' shows us a well-to-do family of Tuskingum, Ohio, suffering inconvenience and painful agitation because the eldest daughter, Ellen, has chosen to fall in love with an unmitigated detrimental. Ellen, though beautiful, is serious and cultured; therefore, the "most cultivated young men of Tuskingum" pass her by, preferring her sister Lottie, who boasts that she is not literary or cultured, and whose reported conversation proves that she does not defame herself. So poor Ellen takes up with a journalist named Bittridge, an impertinent young man, flippant and shallow, and, worse than all, not very keen about Ellen.

The deeply disapproving parents stand helpless before impending calamity. They have made a compact not to cross their children in love; thus, Mr. Howells intimates, maintaining an American tradition which forbids parents' trying to prevent a marriage that they know must be disastrous. Nothing that has ever been written about Americans can surprise other nations more than this. Fortune sometimes favors the pusillanimous. Bittridge gets himself talked about with a married woman (nothing scandalous, of course); Ellen realizes feebly the impropriety of a passion for such a bold buccaneer, and her parents, at last, take courage to carry her off from Tuskingum. When Bittridge, having pursued them to New York, commits the indiscretion of kissing Ellen, the Kentons feel fiercely outraged. The unhappy family sails for Europe, meeting upon the way a young man who, in his lighter moments, is fatally like Bittridge, but *au fond* serious and good. To him Ellen transfers her bleeding heart, thus permitting her distracted parents to return to their home and their evening game of checkers. At this game, Mrs. Kenton invariably cheats—a fault condoned by her husband, who presumably finds it humorous. There is an analogy between the Kentons' attitude towards their children and their pastime. They perceive no sanctity in a rule; they do not, so to speak, play the game.

The interesting points in the story are the failure of culture to improve character, and the failure of that American policy (if it is an American policy) which prevents a direct and serious exercise of parental authority. The cultured Ellen has neither self-control, nor taste, nor common sense. Has Mr. Howells been asking himself, Whereunto is culture good? And is this the dismal answer? The bold and hectoring Lottie has finer instinct and better judgment than Ellen, besides being really kinder to "poppa" and "momma." In drawing Lottie and the parents, Mr. Howells seems to us to have fallen back on observations made twenty years ago. We cannot but think that, in Ohio, parents have broken the American tradition of detachment from their children's interests. At all events, in the situation conceived, a modern Lottie would instruct them how to behave, firmly insisting that it is the custom of the "best people" to deal with infatuated Ellens in peremptory fashion. Boyne Kenton's passion for the young Queen of Holland is an imaginative excursion, suspiciously indicative of the author's desire to show the awful consequences to republican youth of a surfeit of romantic fiction.

The story of Jerome (familiarly Jerry) Garwood of Polk County, Congressional candidate for the Thirteenth District of Illinois, includes a particular description of the methods by which legislators are selected, nominated, and conducted to success or defeat at the polls, and a general criticism of the process and results. Bad as practical politics are supposed to be, no view is too gloomy to lack confirmation in Mr. Whitlock's narrative, or so bitter as to find reproof in his reflection. Current censure of the republic's government, uttered by ignorant and prejudiced foreigners, is mild as milk in comparison with this denunciation, spoken by one, presumably native-born, certainly possessed of all the secrets and mysteries of what he calls the "business of the people's government." This rather important business, Mr. Whitlock declares, is carried on in every State of the Union by a handful of men, all ignorant, dirty, dishonest, and profane, not in order to promote the people's happiness or comfort, but solely for what they, the managers, can get out of it in cash down or in promises to pay—that is, in offices (chiefly post-offices), and the salary and influence accruing. It may be argued that the Polk County gang was exceptionally wicked, that their candidate was unusually weak and unscrupulous, even that the author so intimately acquainted with party politics has himself been turned down by the bosses and is taking a shabby revenge. Such consolatory possibilities, if admitted, cannot banish the conviction that the record of Garwood's campaigns is a truthful presentation of almost all political campaigns in a country where the people are, by way of flattery, assured that they govern themselves and seldom resent such an insultingly untruthful statement.

Garwood is conducted through three campaigns—twice to an inglorious victory, and, at last, to ignominious defeat. His victories are won by his managers, and his defeat by himself, by his vanity, his selfishness, and his short-sighted treachery. The weakness of the book as criticism is in the failure to show any reason why the boss, Jim Rankine, should have implicitly trusted a man of only superficial attraction, one plainly without mental energy or shrewdness, or enough moral perception to yield to a demand for honor among thieves. In constructing his story the author has had no trouble. No artificial arrangement could produce such a good dramatic effect as the direct narration of actual events in their actual sequence, moving from local primaries through county conventions, stumping tours with accompanying brass bands, torchlight processions, and general pandemonium, to the fatal day when the whole nation is given over to what is grandiloquently described as a "quadrennial tragedy of personal ambition." Garwood's private history is naturally interwoven with his public one, and in his domestic relations he is saved from complete disaster only because disappointed wives are sometimes more forgiving than disappointed officeseekers and angry bosses, and because mothers can always ascribe the infamy of a son to the plots and villanies of envious enemies. The wife and mother, rigidly honest, unsophisticated, trustful, and loving, are very well drawn, without condescension or apology. The author knows and loves them as he knows and loves the prairies, to which he gives a few descriptive paragraphs so vivid that one longs for more, if only to relieve the impression that Polk County is thickly dotted with barrooms, filled with slovenly, sweating politicians plotting for power, playing poker, drinking, smoking, giving and taking gross personalities as harmless chaff. The corrupt speech of these people is enlivened by metaphors. Meaning to betray some one, they threaten to "camp on his trail," to "go out with their knives"; and no sooner have they elected a candidate than they caution him to "fix up his fences for a second term." The author, speaking in his own person, uses freely an American variant of the English language. His people "sense" and "voice" things; they "flex in every fibre"; and when he wishes to tell us that some delegates had been slow to identify themselves with the winners, he says: "The band wagon had taken them by surprise and rolled by too swiftly for them to climb in." This is reconditely American, and the author's apparently unconscious use of such metaphor gives a fine touch of gen-

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uineness to a novel in every way significantly American.

'Drewitt's Dream,' by Mr. W. L. Alden, is a gay tale. Ostensibly one of adventure, quite recklessly improbable, its real motive is a discussion of American political methods, or, rather, an explanation and defence from the mouth of a successful boss. Drewitt, the dreamer, a young Englishman on his way home from India, stops over in Greece, on the chance of seeing a battle with the invading Turks. He reaches a town that momentarily expects an attack, and the very night of his arrival the crash of guns is heard, followed by clatter and rush of Greek soldiers, forsaking their posts. A general rout ensues, and Drewitt on horseback is swept along with the mob. He picks up an Englishwoman, whom he instantly loves, and is shot while trying to reach a deserted block-house. Waking in a hospital, he is persuaded that many of the circumstances he narrates are but the fancies of a disordered brain. He, however, reserves a belief in the rescued maiden and her unparalleled beauty. In the hospital he meets Mr. Gallegher of Sallust City, Iowa, whose talk about himself is both amazing to an Englishman and amusing. He pictures himself as a very honest and moral man, distinctly creditable to his country. Agreeing with the author of 'The 13th District,' he says politics is a business, but legitimate and honorable, and one in which advancement of private interest is involved with doing one's duty to the public. The author declares that Mr. Gallegher "did not possess a particle of the national humor," but there are many moments when he is infected by Mr. Alden's humor. "Nobody," he tells Drewitt, "ever offered me a bribe, and nobody ever caught me in a crooked transaction." Proceeding to narrate how, taking advantage of his position as boss, he had made several profitable deals, he winds up: "No man can find any fault with that; and the fact that I gave up politics just as soon as I had made a fortune, shows that I wasn't a politician for any ambitious or selfish purpose." Discoursing, further, on distinctions between bribery and corruption, on the uselessness of "reformers," on the duty of attracting to one's party a strong "religious element," also a strong "whiskey element," Mr. Gallegher triumphantly justifies the system whereby he has become a millionaire, and Sallust City a model of municipal perfection. In disquisition Mr. Gallegher is delightful and in action convincing. Sharing Drewitt's enthusiasm for the lost lady of his dream, he proposes that his yacht *Caucus* be used for a search expedition. Personally conducting the strange pursuit, he shows the courage, resource, and tact of a born ruler, who, whether we call him despot, or tyrant, or boss, is fit to control the mass of men and even to establish them in a higher condition of happiness. It is, however, difficult to believe that a free republic is his proper sphere. The company on board the *Caucus* includes persons amusing and remarkable; but, beside Mr. Gallegher, they fade into insignificance.

'The Making of a Statesman' tells of an era preceding that of definite recognition of politics as a business. It represents those presumably good old times when a political career, in the South especially, was the privilege of a gentleman, and intimately connected with oratory embellished by quotations from the classics. Yet Mr. Featherstone, who rose to be a leader in the State of Georgia, and whose public record was most honorable, was, from the beginning, tainted with dishonor. He was more culpable than Mr. Gallegher, because he rose to power by the theft of another man's brains. The voluntary self-sacrifice of Billy Spence is not probable, but, that being granted, all that follows is natural and pathetic. The remaining tales in the volume sustain Mr. Harris's reputation for revealing negro character in negro dialect. Aunt Minervy Ann, telling about Miss Puss's parasol, is a perfect specimen of the immortal "Mammy."

American Gardens. Edited by Guy Lowell. Boston: Bates & Guild Company. 1902. 112 plates.

If any evidence be needed that the formal garden has found a ready acceptance among us, it is amply furnished by the remarkable collection of photographs published under the above name, a collection representative of the best work of an earlier time as well as of the present day. Our ancestors were familiar with the formal manner, and, in a modest way, as befitted a by no means wealthy age, exemplified their skill in the surroundings of many a worthy mansion. Though in most cases sadly changed, quite a number of such old gardens have come down to us. Of several that have been preserved in their original condition, views are given in 'American Gardens.' Of all these, the one which seems closest to the state in which it was a century or more ago, is Washington's garden at Mt. Vernon, the trim box hedges of which, enclosed by the quiet buildings of the "quarters," give a sense of well-ordered neatness very soothing in these days of nervous hurry. But, for a higher quality than mere neatness, for peace and poetry, the old Carroll garden at Annapolis stands without an equal. Its serene white statues raised on lofty vine-clad pedestals and backed by dense masses of foliage cannot fail to bring to mind one of the finest portions of the Borghese gardens. Few other things within the book show so well as does the view of the Carroll garden the perfection to which nature will bring a simple formal arrangement, if this arrangement be wise in the beginning.

But it is not to eighteenth-century gardens that the book chiefly devotes itself. They make a small part of its contents. Since for nearly a century the formal manner has been out of fashion, we find that by far the larger part of the book represents the work of the last ten years. How great is the volume of this work and how high a level much of it has reached, few would suspect who had not closely followed the subject. So many and so excellent are the examples that it is difficult to single out any for special comment without doing injustice to a host of others perhaps equally excellent. To put them in categories, however: among the minor gardens few possess a charm equal to those designed by Mr. Wilson Eyre, while among the larger and more elaborate, those by Mr. Charles Platt and by Carrère & Hastings easily occupy the first rank. For the sake of this publication the country has been carefully searched for its finest gardens. Excellent photographs of these, well reproduced, give a most lucid idea of the present state of garden design among us. The index has the unusual merit of presenting many sketch-plans showing the points from which the views were taken, and thus enabling one the more clearly to understand the garden's design.

Mr. Guy Lowell's introduction to the book is an essay on the history of gardening, and a critical consideration of gardening as practised in America. He points out that, owing to the peculiarities of our climate and of our manners and customs, our gardens necessarily differ from those of other countries, and are adapted to our needs and surroundings. Nevertheless, the impression left by the book is, that although we have made very great advances in garden design, much that we have done smacks too strongly of its foreign source, and that we have by no means established a national type of formal garden. The field is a wide one and the workers in it are alert and intensely interested. Let us hope that before long they will develop a manner that will speak more clearly of our own time and people.

Uncle Sam, Trustee. By John Kendrick Bangs. New York: Riggs Publishing Co. 1902.

This book purports to give a history of Cuba down to the year 1898, and to record the achievements of the Government maintained there by this country since that date. The "history" consists of scraps from books of every description, and may be dismissed at once as a compilation devoid of merit. As to what has been accomplished in improving the conditions of life in Cuba during the last three years, it is impossible not to deplore that so interesting a theme should have fallen into such incompetent hands. The photographs with which the book is adorned show that material conditions have been much improved under American rule, but the author seems incapable of giving a really intelligent account of the system that has been followed. We know that some $40,000,000 has been collected from the taxation of imports, but we are left altogether in the dark as to the wisdom with which it has been expended. The debates in Congress indicate that the economic condition of Cuba is unsatisfactory, and it would be interesting to learn whether or not the revenues of the country have been wasted in extravagant improvements when they could have been applied to the relief of industry.

Instead of facts of this kind, the reader is treated to pages of indiscriminate adulation of those officers of our army who have been stationed in Cuba. These gentlemen may well beg to be delivered from such friends as Mr. Bangs. They may enjoy appreciation without relishing abject sycophancy, and might well prefer to have their deeds speak for themselves rather than to have them advertised by a too obsequious civilian. There is some attempt at fine writing in the book, but the style is rather slovenly. It is not clear what is meant by the assertion that "the betrayal of their trusts by the convicted men of the Cuban Postal Service is not an unmixed blessing." More intelligible is the statement that "within a period of eight months, the health of the city of Santiago became quite as salubrious," etc.

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Finland: Its Public and Private Economy. By N. C. Frederiksen, formerly professor of Political Economy and Finance in the University of Copenhagen. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 8vo, pp. 300.

In view of the present widespread interest in Finland and the Finnish people, an accessible book, dealing with the subject in a serious and at the same time popular manner, is very welcome. Professor Frederiksen's eleven chapters are concerned with the civilization, agriculture, forestry, industries, commerce, navigation and fisheries, money and banking, means of communication, exchequer, and civic duties, and, finally, with the Government of Finland and its future. On these topics the author has succeeded—with limitations that will be noted further on—in gathering within a very narrow compass a great deal of information which, on the whole, is presented in a readable form.

Like the rest of the world, Finland has made rapid material progress during the last century, but it differs from many other countries with a more highly developed parliamentary government in having its finances in a very flourishing condition, the budget balancing with a good surplus, while the state owns valuable assets worth several times more than the inconsiderable public debt, which has, moreover, been wholly incurred for productive purposes. In the matter of private economy the resources and industries of the country show a marked development, the rapidity of which will be apparent from the statement that the value of the manufactured products, which in 1887 was estimated at 114 million marks ($22,800,000), in 1899 had risen to about 300,000,000 ($60,000,000). In 1887 each manufacturing plant had on an average eight workmen and an annual output valued at 20,000 marks, while in 1898 the same averages were twelve workmen and 36,000 marks. The wages received by the workmen vary for the different trades; they may be said to average about 800 marks a year, to which must be added, in some cases, free house rent and firewood. As several members of a family often are wage-earners, these incomes compare very favorably with those of the agricultural laborers, not excluding the peasant proprietors.

Finland, like the United States, has vast tracts of public lands, and the lengthy review of the land laws of Finland would, therefore, be of especial interest in this country if it were clearer than, unfortunately, is the case. The Government lands of Finland are, according to the author, opened up for settlers on very liberal terms, but what these terms are one may read through the entire chapter without being able to find out. The law

"is not unlike the American Homestead Law, which gives grants of land on the condition of cultivating a small part and paying an insignificant fee. It has been decided that these crown lands which are fit for cultivation shall be separated from the forest land, surveyed, mapped out, assessed for taxation, and offered to people who wish to settle. The settlers are to have an additional advantage [additional to what?], that for the first fifteen years they are entirely exempt from taxation, and have to pay only half-taxes for the next five, while they may, perhaps, get this exemption extended to forty years. The taxation is very moderate, being only from two to twelve Finnish *penni* (*i. e.*, from a farthing to a penny) per hectare."

On the whole, it may be said that the greatest fault of the book is a lack of concise statement and statistics. Statistical tables do not make a book readable, but they convey a deal of information to those who are in need of it. From the present book such tables are almost entirely absent.

The author, in a kind of prefatory note, thanks Mr. Edward H. Cooper of London for advice and careful coöperation in respect of his English text. Still greater care might, it seems, have been exercised. The book appears, simultaneously with the English, in a French and a Danish edition. The last was probably the original, and some of the English expressions seem to be due to faulty translation. Thus, on page 25, decisions, in the sentence, "There are *decisions* about enforcing this system in the Finnish laws as early as the fourteenth century," probably stands for "provisions," the Danish word "bestemmelser" meaning both. Whether the following passage is due to a slovenly translation or slovenly thinking, may be questioned:

"Rye, which was introduced by the Swedes in very early times, superseded barley to some extent in the *eighteenth century*, and still later it was largely replaced by oats. In the fourteenth century rye was cultivated only in parts of Southern Finland. In the eighteenth century it became, however, the most important material for bread, and is now cultivated as far as the 64th and 65th degrees of latitude. In the years subsequent to 1870 the cultivation of rye increased enormously, *but later still, after 1887, it gave place to oats.*"

"Finland contains about 1,100,000 sheep." "The number of sheep owned by the poorer class of peasant is, however, increasing as they grow more prosperous."

"The duty on maize in Finland, as in Sweden, is a great difficulty in the way of keeping and fattening pigs; it is 2 marks 25 *penni* (about 45 cents) per 100 kilos on all maize coming from other countries than Russia, *and to bring it from Russia does not pay so well.*"

It would, we think, have been more correct to translate the Swedish word *gran* (*Abies excelsa*, or rather *Picea excelsa*) by "spruce," which is its regular commercial name, than by "fir"; the more so as the Swedish word rendered "pine," *fura*, is the etymological counterpart of the word "fir," and also commercially goes by the name of "Scotch fir."

It will have been observed from these quotations that the author occasionally brings forward his own opinions about things. In fact, he greatly overdoes this, for his opinions embrace almost the whole field of human knowledge. Some of the opinions seem rather naïve:

"If we remember the good result of the last budget, as well as the by no means excessive duty now demanded on articles so well able to pay duty as alcoholic liquors and tobacco, we find that it would be quite possible to abolish entirely all the other duties. In fact, they are all detrimental to the economic life of the country, *and they are causing difficulties at the custom-house.*"

The author is a thorough admirer of the "Anglo-Saxon." On the very first page of the book we read: "At present the highest stage of all [civilization] has been reached in England and the United States." It would be interesting to see if the French edition contains the same statement.

Religion in Recent Art: Expository Lectures on Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Watts, Holman Hunt, and Wagner. By P. T. Forsyth. London: Hodder & Stoughton; New York: Edwin S. Gorham. 1902.

It is a relief to the conscientious reviewer that Mr. Forsyth confesses in his preface that "he trusts much to the ability of the skilful reader to skip," for it is only by the liberal use of this ability that we have found it possible to read the book at all. To put it frankly, this is almost the most wordy and repetitious book that we have ever seen, and its author shows a truly remarkable ability to spread one small idea over many pages, turning and twisting the expression of it, exclaiming and orating, but adding nothing whatever thereto. The system is such that it hardly matters what you skip, for any one sentence on a page is as good as any other to indicate the general drift; you may choose one at hazard, with confidence that the others are only slight variations of it, and turn a page or two, lucky if you find anything different at the second dip.

Mr. Forsyth's "religion in art" has nothing to do with ecclesiastical decoration or Biblical illustration. His thesis is that great art has a spiritual content, regardless of its formal subject, and that what the artist, consciously or unconsciously, tells you of the soul is his religion. Thus we have Rossetti; or, The Religion of Natural Passion—Burne-Jones; or, The Religion of Præternatural Imagination—Watts; or, The Religion of Supernatural Hope—and Holman Hunt; or, The Religion of Spiritual Faith. In his search for meanings, Mr. Forsyth claims the right to find them whether or no they were intentionally put there by the artist, but he is, naturally, best pleased with the conscious allegorizing and didacticism of Watts and Hunt, and it hardly needs his assurance to convince us that the book would never have been written but for the opportunity of dealing with these two. The artistic value of Watts's work we take to be very great, that of Hunt's work to be relatively small, but each has chosen to confuse the art value of his work with its value as thought, and to rest his claim to serious consideration on what is really of least importance. The allegories of Watts do no harm—they "will not bite" more than those of Spenser; but the "thoughts," in so far as they are definite and translatable into words, might be conveyed in pictures not worth the canvas they were painted on. Mr. Watts chooses to think them all-important, and he is, therefore, the delight of preachers and expounders of meanings, such as Mr. Forsyth, for in this case there can be no doubt that the meanings really were put there with *malice prepense.*

It would, however, be a poor expounder who could not explain more than was ever said, and Mr. Forsyth manages to find things, even in the pictures of Watts, that can hardly have been intended. We all know the noble "Love and Death," and its allegory is obvious enough; but see Mr. Forsyth add to it:

"And, chief of all," he says, "a great light falls upon the figures' back, and we remember that we never see the dawn upon death till it has gone by; that we get to know our angels when they have left us, and that we mark the sunlight on the graves only when they have well grown green. The source of the light, you further mark, is not

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in the picture; and so the hope in our latter end is no ray from within our visible frame of things, but from a life and a world beyond."

And so on. One can only feel helpless, and mildly inquire how else the picture could be lighted—how the shadow was to fall upon Love unless the light were outside the frame and at the back of the figure of Death, and if we are really to accept the physical necessities of the composition as a new allegory more important than the original one?

The book is handsomely printed, and light in the hand, and the eight reproductions are very well done.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Mrs. G. R. Unto the End. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.
Allen, F. S. What's What? The Bradley-White Co.
Atkinson, A. A. Electrical and Magnetic Calculations. D Van Nostrand Co. $1.50.
Banks, Nancy H. Oldfield: A Kentucky Tale of the Last Century. Macmillan. $1.50.
Barr, Robert. A Prince of Good Fellows. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Bassett, Mary E. S. Judith's Garden. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.
Belloc, H. The Path to Rome. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Bevan, E. R. The Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus. London: David Nutt. 5s.
Blaisdell, A. F. Life and Health. Ginn & Co.
Bolot, Sous-Intendant. La Grande Muette. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 3 fr. 50.
Bourne, H. E. The Teaching of History and Civics in the Elementary and the Secondary School. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Bowen, B. L. A First Scientific French Reader. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Brooke-Hunt, Violet. The Story of Westminster Abbey. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Brooks, H. S. Progression to Immortality. A. Wessels Co. 50 cents.
Burt, Mary E., and Cable, Lucy L. Don Quixote de la Mancha. Scribners. 60 cents.
Cable, G. W. Bylow Hill. Scribners. $1.25.
Carlyle, Thomas. Past and Present. (Temple Classics.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 50 cents.
Carmichael, Montgomery. The Life of Sir John William Walshe. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Chase, F. H. The Credibility of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles: Being the Hulsean Lectures for 1900-1901. Macmillan. $1.75.
"C. R. S." Eton Idylls. Oxford, Eng.: B. H. Blackwell. 1s.
Davitt, Michael. The Boer Fight for Freedom. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $2.
Dean, Howard. The Iron Hand. Abbey Press. $1.
"Delta." Charades. Cambridge (Mass.): Charles W. Sever & Co.
Dean, J. M. The Cross of Christ in Bolo-Land. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.
Douglass, F. A. Col. Harold de Lacey. F. Tennyson Neely Co.
Fenn, G. M. Old Gold; or, The Cruise of the "Jason" Brig. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Fick, August. Das alte Lied vom Zorne Achills. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Flint, C. R., Hill, J. J., Bridge, J. H., Dodd, S. C. T., and Thurber, F. B. The Trust: Its Book. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.
Fowke, Gerard. Archæological History of Ohio. Columbus, O.: Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society.
Francis, V. E. Advanced French Prose Composition. American Book Co. 80 cents.
Gibbons, W. F. Those Black Diamond Men. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Greenough, J. B., and Kittredge, G. L. Select Orations and Letters of Cicero. Ginn & Co.
Hancock, H. I. Life at West Point. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.40.
Headlam, Cecil. The Story of Chartres. (Mediæval Towns.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Hill, Grace L. An Unwilling Guest. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1.
Hodgson, F. C. The Early History of Venice. London: George Allen; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Holland, Clive. My Japanese Wife. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Huntington, A. M. Poem of the Cid: Translation. Vol. II. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $25.
Ilchester, The Countess of, and Stavordale, Lord. The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826. London: John Murray; New York: Scribners. $4.
Job, H. K. Among the Waterfowl. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.
Jordan, D. S., and Heath, Harold. Animal Forms: A Second Book of Zoölogy. D. Appleton & Co. $1.10.
Keese, W. L. The Siamese Twins, and Other Poems. Edwin W. Dayton.
Kenyon, Orr. Amor Victor: A Novel of Ephesus and Rome. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Kruger, Gustav, and Smith, C. A. An English-German Conversation Book. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Lane-Poole, Stanley. The Story of Cairo. (Mediæval Towns.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Laurie, Henry. Scottish Philosophy in its National Development. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Lawrence, W. H. Principles of Architectural Perspective. New ed. Boston: Published by the Author.
Linn, W. A. The Story of the Mormons. Macmillan. $4.
Marsh, C. L. Not on the Chart. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Meade, L. T. The Time of Roses. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Merriman, R. B. Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell. 2 vols. Henry Frowde. $6.
Mets, J. A. Naval Heroes of Holland. Abbey Press. $1.50.
Montmorency, J. E. G. de. State Intervention in English Education. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Morris, Clara. A Pasteboard Crown. Scribners. $1.50.
Mulrhead, J. H. Philosophy and Life, and Other Essays. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Nature Portraits. Text by the Editor of "Country Life in America." Doubleday, Page & Co.
Neumann, Ludwig. Der Schwarzwald. Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Oman, Charles. A History of the Peninsular War, Vol. I. Henry Frowde. $4.75.
O'Rell, Max. 'Tween you an' I: Some Little Problems of Life. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.35.
Ostwald, Wilhelm. The Principles of Inorganic Chemistry. Macmillan. $6.
Page, W. H. The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.
Pyle, Howard. Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. Scribners. 60 cents.
Remains Historical and Literary Connected with the Palatine Counties of Lancaster and Chester, vol. 46, New Series. Manchester, Eng.: Printed for the Chetham Society.
Ripley, N. B. Cordelia, and Other Poems. Abbey Press.
Roberts, C. G. D. Poems. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Roberts, C. G. D. The Kindred of the Wild: A Book of Animal Life. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.
Rousiers, Paul de. Hambourg et l'Allemagne contemporaine. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.
Sabatini, Rafael. The Suitors of Yvonne. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20.
Sandys, Edwyn, and Van Dyke, T. S. Upland Game Birds. (American Sportsmen's Library.) Macmillan. $2.
Serious Poems of Thomas Hood. (Caxton Reprints.) London: George Newnes; New York: Scribners. $1.25.
Sherlock, C. R. The Red Anvil. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Sidgwick, Henry. Philosophy, Its Scope and Relations. Macmillan. $2.25.
Sullivan, T. R. The Courage of Conviction. Scribners. $1.50.
Sykes, P. M. Ten Thousand Miles in Persia; or, Eight Years in Iran. Scribners. $6.
Tarr, R. S. The Physical Geography of New York State. Macmillan. $3.50.
Thackeray, W. M. The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq., and Catherine: A Story. Macmillan. $1.
Trechmann, E. J. Molière: Les Fâcheux. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.
Van Muyden, Madame. A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I. and George II.: The Letters of Monsieur César de Saussure to his Family. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
Velázquez de la Cadena, Mariano. Nuevo Diccionario de Pronunciación de las Lenguas Inglesa y Española. Segunda Parte. New ed. D. Appleton & Co. $3.50.
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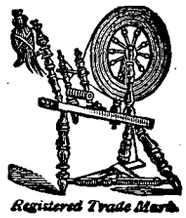

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